

СТУДЕНТ STUDENT ETUDIANT

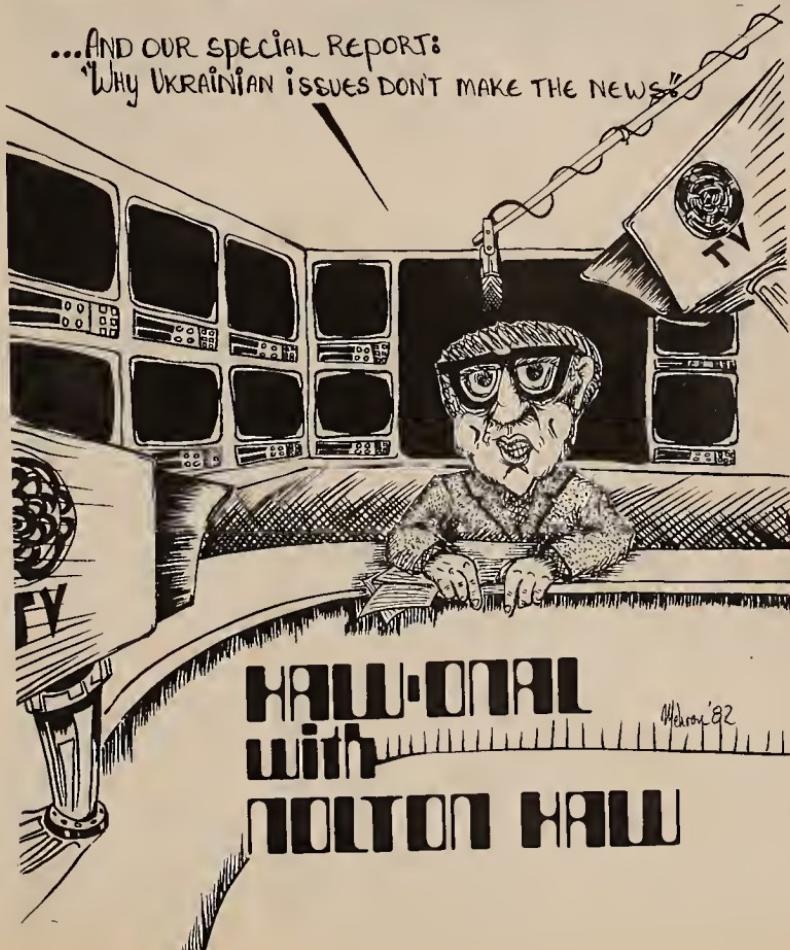
April 1982
Vol. 14 No. 77

75¢

CANADA'S NEWSPAPER FOR UKRAINIAN STUDENTS

ГАЗЕТА УКРАЇНСЬКОГО СТУДЕНТСТВА КАНАДИ

...AND OUR SPECIAL REPORT:
"Why UKRAINIAN ISSUES DON'T MAKE THE NEWS!"



Chornovil on Soviet hunger strikes

A dissident's lament

Ukrainian dissident
Vyacheslav Chornovil is currently imprisoned in a labour camp in Yakutsk ASSR on fabricated charges of attempted rape. The following is an excerpt of a recent article by him originally printed in the 17 January issue of *The Ukrainian Weekly*.

It may seem odd to envy a person who voluntarily ended his life by means of starvation. Nonetheless, one cannot help but be jealous of suicide victims when one lives in a society in which, among other human rights, one is deprived also of the right to determine the course of one's own life.

Citizens of democratic countries may be amazed and suspicious at reports of hunger strikes staged by Soviet political prisoners — strikes that often last for months. After all, how could this writer, in protesting against a criminal case fabricated against him because of political motives, endure a hunger strike in 1980 for over 120 days? There are human limitations: without food a person can survive some 40 to 50 days. How then does one explain the phenomenon of Soviet political prisoners' extraordinary endurance?

Recent hunger strikes by Irish nationalists in protest to the conservative government of Great Britain forced Soviet propaganda to at least briefly mention the conditions under which the political prisoners of Northern Ireland are kept. Thus, we learned that they are kept in hospitals under constant medical care, but that they are given only that medical aid to which they themselves agree. We read that during his hunger strike prisoner Robert Sands was a candidate for election to the Parliament, that an active campaign was conducted on his behalf, and that he ended his life as a member of the Parliament of Great Britain. We learned that by the bed of the dying prisoner sat his mother, and that Sands, while losing his consciousness and thereby control over his own destiny, pleaded

with her not to allow doctors to save him — the mother acted in accordance with the last will of her son....

No matter how many attempts are made to cover it up, the fact is that hunger strikes, suicide attempts and cases of prisoners intentionally wounding themselves (most often by slit-titting their veins) are frequent occurrences in the USSR's camps and prisons — in both those for criminals and those for political dissenters. However, the conditions under which the

open, and keep it open with a special instrument. From time to time, they repeat this cruel procedure. You are kept alive not out of humanitarian concern — in Soviet camps and prisons they do not value human life, medical care is minimal, and the death high. They will never allow you to die demonstratively in protest to the administration's arbitrariness or the injustice of your sentence.

I will cite a recent example. On June 19 (1981) I announced a hunger strike to protest the abrogation of my right to a

days in the general barracks; I was not isolated; the doctors did not arrive. On the fifth day I was told that I was to serve 10 days in the isolation cell for not appearing for work. Not a word was said about my hunger strike (as a hunger-striker I was not required, nor could I work). I was forced into the isolation cell, undressed and thrown onto the bare planks of the cell floor. The announcement of the punishment was accompanied by a doctor's statement saying that I could be kept in the cell; this the doctor

fresh air), and in the face of threats of force-feeding, I concluded my hunger strike. I was not released from the cell and, was forced, after three weeks of a total fast, to eat clay-like black bread and "penal" broth. It seems that such a diet was prescribed by the camp "doctor" with the obvious intention of ruining my health.

No, in spite of the tragic fate of the Irish prisoners who give up their lives, in spite of the complexity and the apparent hopelessness of the Ulster situation (I believe that in a democratic society it will ultimately be resolved through wise compromise), Soviet propaganda cannot earn a philosophical profit.

Anyone familiar with modern history can easily figure out what would happen to the Northern Irish Catholics if Ulster were a part of the USSR. The world has not forgotten about the ethnocide of Crimean Tatars, the Volga Germans, the residents of western Ukraine and the occupied Baltic states, who were resettled thousands of kilometers away from their homelands and lost among the foreign populations. And socialist democracy would not allow Robert Sands to become a member of Parliament. The world press would not cover his hunger strike; and, instead of a proud, resonant death, he would receive handcuffs and a rubber hose down his throat. If he still managed to die, the body would have been quietly dispatched, unknown to anyone, to the eternally frozen Siberian ground, or to the foreign earths of Mordovia or the Urals. And instead of thousands of demonstrators, perhaps only a few prisoners/grave-diggers would be there to somberly pay their last respects at the numbered grave.

This is the fate that awaits me and my colleagues in the defense of the national rights of the Ukrainian nation and the basic rights of all nations of the USSR.

This is why I envy Robert Sands, prisoner of Ulster's H-blocks, who died a martyr's death.



Vyacheslav Chornovil

Soviet political prisoner conducts his hunger strike are not at all similar to those in Ulster. During the first days of the hunger strike you are thrown into the solitary confinement cell, sometimes without any bedding; you are allowed to see a doctor only on the second or third week of your hunger strike, when you are no longer able to walk. However, they will not let you die — they will force-feed you through a hose stuffed into your stomach. If you resist, they will hand-cuff you, force your mouth

defense (in order to keep my mouth shut, on KGB orders, all materials concerning the poorly fabricated case against me, even the sentence, were confiscated). In connection with Soviet propaganda's disinformational use of the hunger strikes to the death by Irish political prisoners and, on the other hand, the total silence on what takes place in its own backyard, I wanted to keep certain materials for purposes of comparison.

After the official declaration of my hunger strike, I lay for four

prepared without ever seeing me. The first time a medical aide saw me (he measured my blood pressure) was on the 13th day of my hunger strike, and the medical assistance rendered consisted of giving me the bedding which I should have received at the beginning of my hunger strike. Until the end of my hunger strike, the doctor visited me only twice more, both times measuring my blood pressure. After I had starved for the planned 20 days in the isolation cell (under conditions of cold, stench, lack of

Jus' stayin' alive

Student: It's sink or swim!

Having survived a serious cash flow crisis, weathered several political storms and finally overcome its chronic distribution problems, *Student* has once again resumed publication on a regular monthly schedule. Although the paper is not yet entirely out of danger, a new mood of optimism is building the collective and prospects look bright for the immediate future.

The past few months have been among the most difficult in *Student*'s Edmonton history. A lack of new recruits, coupled with the erosion of the committed core of workers, burdened a small band of stalwarts with all of the tasks and responsibilities involved in publishing the paper. Though four issues were printed by January, a complete breakdown at the distribution

end of the operation kept two of them from getting out to most of the readers. An attempt was made over Christmas, using paid secretaries and collective know-how, to update and computerize the chaotic *Student* mailing lists, but this effort ended in costly failure. A lack of funds, human energy, new ideas and fresh commitment further contributed towards a problem of low morale and a build-up of tensions within and without the collective.

The tide began to turn, however, when the two vacant positions on the co-ordinating committee were finally filled by two veteran activists. Dave Lupul took on the finance committee portfolio in mid-December, easing the workload that had been shouldered until then single-handedly by Peter Sochan. And

former SUSK President Dmytro Jacuta came in from the cold in March to take on the distribution bull by the horns.

An influx of revenue from Kolida, Malanka, a government grant and a benefit staved off fears of immediate financial collapse and gave some momentum to the paper's struggle to survive the darkest months of winter. Then a whirlwind effort on the part of the new distribution head, Dmytro Jacuta, got the *Student* subscription lists into a computer (this time a private firm was hired) and the two back issues into the mail. After reliving the nightmare of labelling and sorting, it was further decided to farm out that aspect of the mailing to a professional service run by handicapped people. For minimal cost collective members

spared themselves hours of tedious labour and guaranteed that the job would be done in a single day rather than getting dragged out over a week or longer. The lists still need to be revised and updated, but these details are going to be looked after as soon as exams are completed.

Other positive developments in recent months include numerous improvements made to the *Student* offices and their emergence as a focal point for various social, cultural and political activities. Parties have been well-attended and the facilities are slowly becoming a drop-in centre for a widening circle of young people who come by to visit, study or help out with the consumption of assorted intoxicants. Whether or not these

'friends' of *Student* will become committed members of the working collective still remains to be seen, but at least some new people are showing an interest in the paper's continued existence. Part of the problem in finding "new blood" has been the virtual non-existence of a Ukrainian Students' Club on the U of A campus this past year; hopefully, organizational life will revive in the fall and provide *Student* with a base to recruit from.

Despite these and other changes for the better, much work remains to be done and many obstacles have yet to be overcome before *Student*'s future is secure. In many ways, the paper is like a small business at the crossroads between

(see Struggle, pg. 10)

Inside: Club reports, Greece, and a look at the media ...



Easter celebrations once again raise the admittedly thorny question, old calendar or new? Although in central Canada this issue may seem to be problematic, it is worth noting that here in Edmonton all but one of the Ukrainian Catholic churches now follows the Gregorian (new) calendar. As this situation could very well portend the future for many other parishes across the country, the debate over calendars may not be as remote as it might initially appear to be. Moreover, as Catholics form the largest religious denomination in our hromada, how this issue is ultimately resolved has implications for all Ukrainian-Canadians, and therefore deserves our collective consideration.

It is easy enough to find strong arguments in support of the logic of the Gregorian system. It is more accurate, more convenient (because it goes *with* instead of *against* the rhythms of Canadian society), more modern and more Western than its Julian counterpart. Not to switch to it in the face of these facts can therefore identify one as being irrational, impractical, anachronistic and even reactionary. Indeed, it is possible to sum up the case for the Gregorian method with a single question: why use an old watch that doesn't even keep proper time?

The answers to this question are many and varied, ranging from appeals to tradition to aesthetic arguments about how nice it is to be out of step with the crass commercialism of major North American holidays. Other common arguments used in support of 'the old style' include improved chances for more seasonal weather and advantageous shopping and celebrating conditions, since one doesn't have to contend with crowds, suspicious cops and other annoyances. Of course, some of the opponents of the Gregorian calendar further denounce it as a Vatican plot, but that opens up a religious can of worms that is better left to 'defenders of the faith' and religious polemicists of various stripes.

At this point in the debate liberals usually enter in with their stock of fence-sitting phrases such as "what does it matter?" "to each his own" and "why not have the best of both worlds?" Although on the surface their position appears to be eminently reasonable and impeccably Christian, in actual fact it is just one more cop-out typically of those who loan us money or difficult decisions for fear of offending potential recruits to their "on the one hand, on the other hand" philosophy. And the question of calendars is much too important for it to be answered by the sloganistic kind of thinking that has been

resolved by the placebo of this kind of compromise. First, it must be recognized that even though holidays such as Christmas and Easter are now identified as Christian celebrations, they have pagan roots that the church either adapted or obliterated with the Kievan state's imposition of Christianity on the people of Rus. Secondly, it must also be recognized that these ancient festivals have a broadly cultural character, which legitimately makes them the legacy of all Ukrainians, be they Christian, pagan, atheist or agnostic. And thirdly, because of the national nature of the customs observed on these occasions, they plan an extremely important role in reinforcing a sense of specifically *Ukrainian* identity.

reflecting a sense of specifically Ukrainian identity. These last two points are the most crucial ones in the controversy over the two calendars, as they take the debate out of the narrow religious sphere into the broader cultural and political arena. And if we look at the question of calendars from this perspective, the advantages of staying with the old calendar are immediately apparent. For by staying 'out of sync' with most of our Canadian neighbours a couple of days each year, we remind them — and ourselves — of our ethnicity and our ancestral heritage.

In a world that is increasingly being steamrolled by industrialization into a faceless and colourless mass, that feeling of being part of a small community within the larger human community, is one that is worth maintaining.

Jars Balen

Food for Thought

WHO DUNNIT? That's the question being asked around the U of T USC office these days. Last month, on the morning the club newsletter was to be mailed out, a stack of photocopies of a note entitled "Reflections on Koliada" was found on the desk in the club office. The executive decided to mail it out as an addendum to the newsletter. To date, no one has admitted to authorship of the piece.

authorship of the piece.
As this was the last newsletter before the annual club meeting, which will adopt resolutions for next year's activities, some have mused that "Reflections" was intended to remind club members of the importance of continuing this year's initiative of going carolling at non-Ukrainian nursing homes. The article is reprinted below:

Reflections on Koliada

Great! Good times! Daria
wear Mukluks next time! Audrey
P. — does this man know music?
or does he know music! Alla K. —
would Mr. Firchuk and the merry
hutsuls please give her back to
us? Made lotsa money, too \$\$\$\$
BUT!

BUT: This year USC did something different. Thanks to H.C. USC went koliaduvaty to old folks homes — Wait! Doesn't everybody do that? Of course they do. "My pamilataiemo pro-

STAFF THIS ISSUE: Jen Belan, Myroslav Bodnaruk, Daromy Fasse, Mark Farbey, Ted Herasymchuk, Dmytry Jecut, Joey Kryschuk, Merk Lytvik, Oleg Lupul, Poinderstar, Mike Savaryn, Peter Sochan, Ovid Steckman, Paul Talarenko, Pavle Virsky and the cast of *Nothing Personal*.
Coordinating Chairperson — Mark French
Content Chairperson — Jan Balan
Finance Chairperson — Ovid W. Lutz
Distribution Chairperson — Omyla

As we left our third Nursing Home that day, we reflected on how each of us had grown, how was it that these people could be forgotten? They were strangers to us, from a different world, yet we could find that common ground, that spiritual moya.

Свого не цураитесь...
Why do those words keep
tugging at our consciences?

Tagging at our convenience.

Mystery Tale

Referring to the note from "Across the Dinner Table" in the Dec-Jan 1982 issue, your readers should know that Yevshan Zillia, a Toronto restaurant serving Ukrainian food, received the Petite Maison Award of the International Wine & Food Society, Toronto Branch, for 1978-1979. It was also chosen for a dinner, Jordan, in January 1982.

The International Wine & Food Society is an international organization of people interested in and knowledgeable about food and wine. Its awards are coveted.

In Toronto, restaurants serving Greek food have proliferated during the last decade, but their output ranges from mediocre to average. Only one restaurant, Anesty's, rises above those levels.

J.B. Gregorovich
Member, International Wine &
Food Society
Toronto Branch

SUBSCRIBE

I sure wish that I could
read *Student*.

A black and white head-and-shoulders portrait of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair. She has a serious expression, looking directly at the camera. Her eyes are light-colored, and she has a small mole on her right cheek. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of her face.

CONT BE CIS APPROVTE SCAFFOLDING & CONCRETE

- 1 year for \$7.00 (Can.)
 - 2 years for \$12.00 (Can.)
 - 1 year Institutional rate \$15.00 (Can.)
 - 1 year supporting subscription for \$25.00 (Can.)

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
COUNTRY

RYERSON

President: Peter Ochitwa (1982-1983)

Members: 30

Ryerson USC's major event of the year was Ukrainian Week. Festivities were highlighted by a daily Ukrainian display, the club sold pyrohy and exhibited cultural artifacts. A Ukrainian dance group was formed during the week and will continue to perform throughout the year. Ryerson's administration was especially impressed with Ukrainian Week, and suggested it be continued on a monthly basis.

The club also went carolling during the Ukrainian Christmas season. Elections have been held, and the prospects for next year look good.

UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO (LONDON)

President: Stacey Schmagala

Members: 50

January

By far, one of the most vibrant clubs in Southern Ontario. During the Ukrainian Christmas season, the club went carolling for two nights; the club's annual "Christmas Pot-Luck Dinner Party" was an unqualified success.

The club is actively involved in London's Ukrainian community ... club members attended the New Year's zabava and a KYK banquet.

February

The club held its annual Ukrainian Week, featuring a display of Ukrainian artifacts in the University Library; a lecture by Professor Federowicz on "The Polish Solidarity Movement and its Relationships to Eastern European Nations"; an art display of work by Halyna Mordorowicz of Windsor; and a Ukrainian film night.

Club members participated in Brock USC's annual volleyball tournament ... "rough trip."

The month's activities concluded with a skating party.

March

The club ran into problems recently when it scheduled a banquet during the Lenten season; because of poor ticket sales the event was cancelled. Instead, a wine and cheese social will be held on Saturday, March 13.

Elections are scheduled for March 23. On March 24-25, the club will be sponsoring a blood donor clinic to com-

memorate the Battle of Kruty.

The year's activities conclude on an intimate note ... the newly elected executive will go out for dinner with the outgoing executive.

Club President, Stacey Schmagala reports that the club has not been receiving Student regularly. She also noted that ever since coffee and doughnuts have been served at club meetings, attendance has increased dramatically. The club does not have any plans to send representatives to the Twenty-Third SUSK Congress, (neither do several other S. Ontario clubs) ... the SUSK National Executive now has some of its work cut out for this summer.

SUSK conference. The club remains in the same state as was reported in December ... quiescent. Bill hopes to put the club back on its feet by September.

On the bright side, the University of Windsor Students' Association is dominated by Ukrainians ... SAC executive positions of President, Social Science Rep and Senate Rep. are held by Ukrainian students.

WATERLOO

President: John Fuk

Members: 35-45

In November, the club sponsored a lecture by former Ukrainian dissident and

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

President: Dan Bilak

Members: 200

December

The club held a Christmas party.

January

Koliada was very successful this year. Members of the club tried something different this year ... groups of carollers visited Toronto and area old folks homes and sang Ukrainian Christmas carols for the residents. It was "a really moving experience," according to club President Dan Bilak, "and something which we hope can be continued next year." (See the letters to the editor section for some "Reflections on Koliada.")

The SUSK National executive members in Toronto, together with representatives from the USCs at the U of T, York and Ryerson, organized a canned food drive similar to last year's "Operation Mykolajko" but under the name "Shchedryi Dar." SUSKites appealed to members of the Ukrainian community to bring cans of food to their churches on Sunday, 17 January, the day before Shchedryi Vechir. The drive was a moderate success compared to the more concerted effort of the previous year. The donated canned goods and articles of clothing were distributed to a number of needy individuals in the Toronto community, and the funds were passed on to the Canadian Ukrainian Immigrant Aid Society for use later in the year.

February (Ukrainian Week: February 8-13)

Monday: The week kicked off with a wine and cheese at U of T's Hart House; opening ceremonies featured Hon. David Crombie and U of T President James Ham (Ham cut the kubasa).

Tuesday: Lobomyr Luciuk of the U of A's Geography Department presented a lecture on "In Search of a Ukrainian Identity."

Wednesday: A display entitled "Our Heritage" was exhibited on the U of T campus featuring cultural artifacts, embroidery, pysanka demonstrations, wood carving, etc. A concert featuring Ukrainian dance and song was held, along with a fashion show.

Thursday: Marco Caramello presented a lecture on the Ukrainian famine.

(see *Khronika*, pg. 11)



KINGSTON

President: Greg Doliszny

Members: 10-15

During the Ukrainian Christmas season, club members went carolling. A Ukrainian food workshop was held recently, and club members ended up having to eat all the food by themselves.

The Ukrainian Festival Dance Company (U.F.D.C.) performed in Kingston, and the club assisted with ushering, tickets, etc.

Each year, Kingston USC sponsors a 'Pysanka Workshop'. This year's workshop will be held at the end of March; it will be open to the general public and will run for two evenings. Slavko Nowitsky's film, 'PYSANKA', will be featured.

Club President, Greg Doliszny plans to call elections in early April.

WINDSOR

President: Bill Kosyk

Members: ???

The club's major endeavour of the year was sending club President, Bill Kosyk (and cohort) to Ottawa USC's Eastern

historian, Valentyn Moroz ... Moroz spoke on his favourite topic — Ukrainian nationalism; the event was very well attended.

Other club activities throughout the year include: hayride, film nights, caroling, a varenyky night, and several pub-nights/crawls.

Annual elections were held on March 11.

MCMASTER (HAMILTON)

President: Natalie Demchuk

Members: 45

A quiet year ... plagued by student apathy. Last term club President, Natalie Demchuk, invited Professor Potchij to present a lecture on his visit to China ... only two members attended.

During the Ukrainian Christmas season the club went carolling for two nights.

The club held its annual Ukrainian Week which featured a zabava ... attended by about 75 people.

Elections are scheduled for the end of March.

Putting the houses in order

A plan for parliamentary reform

Jerry Iwanus

Canada is a country which finds itself faced with a complex set or reinforcing cleavages. These include language, class, region, religion, and ideology. While democracies should at least to some degree reflect and attempt to channel these differences at the institutional level, some do the job better than others. Canada, it can be argued according to this criterion, reflects the nature of its polity rather poorly at the national level. This, in turn, influences popular attitudes and expectations, causing mediocrity to manifest itself that much more deeply through various means. This vicious circle continues until the institutional system becomes alien to a particular segment of the population, while at the same time, the system itself feels that it gains nothing by remaining responsive to that same group.

This may sound like a mélange of pretentious academic rambling so far, but let's attempt a hook-up with motherhood Reality before going any further. The above observation goes a long way in explaining the political situation in western Canada today, as a majority of its residents perceive it. (It's not important here whether the reasoning behind this perception causes intellectual nausea or not.) Anachronistic institutions, especially Parliament, fail to represent a significant portion of the Canadian population at the national level — to say nothing of the corresponding deficiencies at the provincial and local levels — and western Canadians especially, feel completely left out in the remotest regions of the decision-making process. The election of the first western separatist to the Alberta legislature seems to indicate this rather clearly, and the problem may be that this reaction is only the beginning of such protests. We therefore have to ask ourselves what sort of reforms might be put into place before the trend becomes as irreversible as a snowball running down a steep mountain. We should also understand, however, that institutional changes under such a guise would be a significant, if small step towards helping us change the perception of our own potential as a civilized country, namely, the potential to be in the vanguard of mankind's trek into the twenty-first century. Regardless of the necessary correlative changes, such as changes in attitudes brought about by improvements in the education system and the media, all Canadians must feel as if they are contributing to this vast and complex progression. To alienate a significant portion of society in the process would be to spell doom for the entire development, something we cannot afford to do.

As alluded to above, Parliament is the primary institution which would incur the wrath of our sweeping reformist hand. Its unrepresentative nature, as well as its virtual practical uselessness, make it a

prime target for such changes. Both houses must be restructured to better reflect and represent both regional and ideological perspectives. Other preexisting cleavages would find outlets either through the aforementioned assemblies or through necessary concurrent reforms in other areas.

Thus, we must first ask ourselves exactly what purpose Parliament should serve, and how each relevant cleavage should be reflected therein. At present, the House of Commons is simply a forum to voice partisan concerns over government legislation which has already been formulated. Thus, in times of majority government, bills tend to survive the Commons frequently and relatively intact. *A priori* inputs to any such bills have already been digested at the levels of cabinet and the bureaucracy, and the labelling of Parliament as a "rubber stamp" of sorts is, in some ways, not entirely far off the mark. (Of course, private members' bills rarely get past the first stage of debate either.) The Senate, for its part, has veto power over any legislation emanating from the lower house, but it is rarely used even though the members of this chamber generally vote more according to their individual consciences than their counterparts in the lower house do.

Leaving the Senate aside for a moment, we must seek some way to make the House of Commons both more representative of Canadians, and more efficacious in directing a variety of our political predispositions into pertinent legislation. A prime possibility would be to assign the task of dealing with ideological concerns to the House of Commons, which would have its members elected by some form of proportional representation. This would undoubtedly create situations where minority governments would be the rule, rather than the exception, but Canada's experience with such occurrences has generally been quite good and there would not seem to be any need for concern in this regard.

Proportional representation would assure that as many points of view as was practically possible were represented at the national level, and governments would have to compromise accordingly if they wished to remain in office. The fear that such a situation would cause instability, such as exists in Italy to some degree (where the term "government of the day" is sometimes taken quite literally), could easily be addressed as it has been in the Federal Republic of Germany, where a party must gain at least five percent of the popular vote before it receives any seats in the lower house.

Another common criticism of proportional representation is that it would remove the present responsibility of MPs in dealing with local and regional

concerns, and especially with those of their individual constituents. While this is a legitimate concern, it is precisely here where the Senate could play a vital role. It could assume responsibility for the provinces within the national government. Each province would be subdivided into an equal number of constituencies (somewhat larger than the present ones), which would elect Senators to the upper chamber, in the same way that MPs are presently elected to the House of Commons.

The advantages of this reform would be firstly, that the House of Commons would be freed to deal with the more important problems of class, economic distribution, etc. The second advantage of this approach would be that legitimate provincial and regional concerns would have an institutional means of being voiced within the national government. This would mean that the premiers could finally go home and deal with their own domestic concerns, and stop pretending that they have a mandate to speak on matters outside of their competence (double-meaning intended).

This completely overhauled Parliament — with proportional representation in the lower house, and an elected, provincially-oriented upper house — would go a long way in mitigating artificially created questions of federalism, and bring issues dealing with economic distribution and the like to the forefront where they belong. Several constitutional details would have to be worked out if the above model was to be successful (such as how responsible government would fit into the picture, and the related question of just exactly how much power the reformed Senate would have), but other federal states in the world might offer us some possible answers here.

This is but one of the kinds of changes we should begin looking at if we are to cease alienating particular segments of our population. (This is to say nothing, of course, of how our institutions would have to reflect and exemplify our bilingual and multicultural nature as well, but that topic is, alas, for another day.) If we want to remain a viable political entity, we cannot begin thinking about such changes too soon, for separatists will begin to appear where none have stood before. However, as is always the case the only ones who can effect the pertinent changes are the people in power, and they're certainly in no rush to change the system they've already benefitted from. The Toronto Argonauts' next Grey Cup will probably come before we see meaningful parliamentary reform in our country, and this writer

... probably be an insignificant matter in some strange graveyard before either one of these things ever comes about.

A modern Greek tragedy?

Greece and the Soviet myth

Myrna Kostash, Ukrainian-Canadian author and journalist, should be well-known to our readers as several articles by her have appeared in previous issues of Student. Her latest contribution comes from Nauplion, Greece, where she is observing first-hand the tide of change now sweeping Greek society.

When I decided to come to Greece on a five month "sebatical", I had in mind to do more than just wander moodily along the Aegean shore and pass the time of day in steamy tavernas, getting potted on the local retsina. I had in mind the chance to observe at close range a society in the process of re-forming itself. I arrived a month after the victorious election of the Pan-Hellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK) to government under the prime ministership of the redoubtable Andreas Papandreou.¹

I was not disappointed. Daily there was some new evidence that the PASOK government was fulfilling its commitment to democracy, social egalitarianism and quasi-socialist economic initiatives. The reforms being introduced reveal the spirit and the substance of the Papandreou regime. Forty drug companies are to be nationalized. The ESSO units in Saloniciki are to be put under public control. Tax evaders are finally being brought to justice — until now Greek companies and millionaires had been so successful in finding loopholes that only 29% of the state revenue was collected from direct taxation. The Press Law is to be updated — the print media is currently regulated by provisions of a 1938 law brought in by the dictatorship of Ioannis Metaxas — and the T.V. networks are to be completely overhauled as the greater part of the staff, including technicians, were put in place as a political favour during the Junta years 1967-74. The government is to investigate Church earnings, particularly those of a number of monasteries whose holdings are in the "millions" of drachmas. The leadership of the trade union confederation, political appointees of the Junta, has been removed from office. Public service workers at the bottom of the income scale have received a 25% boost in salaries. A Bill to "purge and restore" the civil service is being debated. Civil marriage and divorce by mutual consent have been legalized. School uniforms are no longer mandatory dress for girls, having long been abolished for boys. And the former leaders of the Junta, now serving life sentences, will from here on be expected to clean their cells by themselves!

As for external policies, the initiatives here remind one of the smugness and complacency of Canadian policy, though at least in one sphere — the anti-NATO debate — a mass movement has jogged the government along. Shortly before my arrival, a demonstration of 300,000 in Athens was remarkably anti-American in tone and had such slogans as: "The People Demand: Out With The Americans!" and "NATO = Dictatorship and War". The whole question of Greek participation in NATO and the Common Market is currently under discussion. References are constantly made to "territorial integrity" and "national independence" — euphemisms for the Greek obsession not to be manipulated again by the CIA and the State Department.² Turkey, not the USSR or Bulgaria, is perceived as the main threat to security. Papandreou has called for a nuclear-free zone in the Balkans. Yassar Arafat of

the PLO has received the Gold Medal of the City of Athens. The Cubans have been invited to open an embassy in Athens and the Russians to repair their merchant ships at Piraeus. This letter move has, of course, deeply offended the Americans.

Even from my vantage point in the provincial town of Nauplion in the Peloponnese I can sense the political vitalization of the people. There are at least a dozen different newspaper, from Communist to Junist, and people are constantly reading. Crowds converge at the cafes with coloured television sets whenever Papandreou gives a televised speech. No one fears to say they are Socialist or Communist. Hopes are high among women, students and small farmers for a revision of the status quo. The basic assumptions — capitalist, Hellenic-Christian, hierarchical — of social organization are being rethought and the received

of military law as such. Back in 1980, then-Opposition leader Papandreou had described Solidarity as an "independent movement, genuinely socialist, with the participation of the people, noting that as such it constituted a challenge not only for the countries of the Eastern bloc but also the capitalist world." One waited for an appropriate and consistent critique, then, of the move to smash this challenge. Nothing. Finally, on 16 December the government issues a statement in which it said it "believed" that Poland, "without the use of force will solve its problems so that the procedure of reforms and renewal can be continued." Still no condemnation of military law. I fanatically read *Le Monde* as soon as it hit the local foreign newspaper shop — days late — and ate my heart out reading of western European, especially French, actions in defense of

Soviet Union and on 27 January votes against three of four paragraphs of the EEC proposals concerning the Community's trade policy vis-a-vis Poland and the Soviet Union. On the same day PASOK representatives propose a Council of Europe resolution calling for a co-ordinated effort in taking political and economic measures against Poland and the Soviet Union.

I turn to the newspaper editorials for clarification. To my infinite chagrin it is the Rightists who leap to the defense of the Polish working class — admittedly in a thoroughly opportunistic, not to say hysterical, fashion. One paper detects in government inaction its anxiety not to "displease" the Soviet Union, while a Junist paper perceives in it "political decay and irrationality". The extreme Right refers to the "Red slaves of the KKE" and blares forth lurid headlines: Poland is drowned in blood!

obliteration of a workers' revolution by a workers' state."

I took the burden of my confusion, my non-comprehension, my disappointment, to some good friends, supporters of PASOK. Tell me, I asked, why is this government so seemingly pusillanimous on this issue, the issue of the suppression (and murder!) of workers organized democratically and autonomously for the advancement of the class? How can you not be their champions?

Their reply, in essence: The government is in a delicate position. Papandreou is cognizant of the fact that the world is still divided "according to Yalta" which does make the Polish situation an "internal" matter of the Eastern bloc. Besides, Greece's economic and diplomatic ties with the bloc are a positive element of our foreign relations, decreasing our dependence on the Americans. Keep in mind, too, that when the Right takes up the Polish "cause" they do so to serve cynically their own ends, namely to impress upon the Greek public the sinister outcome of "socialism". Against such propaganda the Socialist countries must be defended; remember that the Soviet Union is the Motherland of revolutionary socialism and its society the highest achievement of the international proletariat.

I think I begin to understand. As anywhere else, the debate around Solidarity and the regime of "national salvation" is inextricable from the particular historical context of the people talking. Specifically, when Greeks discuss the pros and cons of the Polish crisis they are discussing also the Greek civil war of 1946-49, the Junta of 1967-74 and, throughout, the "satellitization" of their country to one or another super-power but particularly to the United States. This is an enormously complex discussion; forgive me if my remarks are somewhat schematic.

In many ways, the civil war (between Communist partisans and a national army heavily supported by the British) is still being fought. A year ago, in a mountain village near Tripolis, the villagers were gathered together in an annual commemoration of their six dead who had been shot by the Nazis during the Occupation. The names of the fallen, inscribed on a plaque, were read aloud with great solemnity. But one name was missing — had never in fact been inscribed — that of a seventh victim who had been a Communist. This man's son and granddaughter were in the crowd and, in anguish, the girl turned to her father: "Say something!" In terrible turmoil the man finally shouted out his father's name. The crowd turned on him and beat him senseless.

The political sensitivities are such that the new government, among its first proclamations, found it necessary to remind the people that the commemoration of the National Resistance (anti-Nazi guerrilla war undertaken mainly but not entirely by Communist and Communist-led guerrillas) belongs not just to this or that political party, but to the "people of Greece." For the first time since the War, flowers were laid last year in memory of the Communists who had died; and for the first time official support was withdrawn from the Makryianni march (which commemorates the military victory of the Army over the Communists in a decisive battle for Athens) which had become something of a Rightist festival.

Today, then, in the minds of Leftists and progressives generally, the notions of the heroism of the Communist par-

Tu Neq 1+1=82



Translation: "Down With The Polish Junta"
(Left To Right: Chile, Turkey, El Salvador and Argentina).

wisdom of the import of post-War history in Greece is being challenged.

For all these reasons I have been enormously grateful to be here now. And have felt much at home.

Then came 13 December 1981, and I suddenly found myself among strangers again. Actually, it was 14 December and I was strolling across the square on my way to my morning coffee at the cafe around the corner; I glanced at the headline of the English-language Athens News and finally learned what everybody around me knew the night before: that Poland was under military law and that Solidarity activities were suspended. In an agony of helplessness (where was my *homada*? I waited for the Greeks, through their own popular movements and their government, to respond with all the righteous wrath I know they are capable of — these people who have fought interminably for their Greek earth. Nothing, or almost nothing. On 15 December, eighty Polish citizens demonstrated in front of the Polish embassy in Athens and 1000 Athenians, mostly Leftists, went on a spree, smashing the windows of Lufthansa Airlines (they had missed their aim at the LOT windows) and vandalizing a bookstore operated by the Greek Communist Party (KKE). On 18 December a rally of 5000 (some say 15,000), mostly students, God bless 'em, responded to a call by a Committee of Solidarity with the People of Poland.

In the meantime one waited for the government to say something. The PASOK party itself rather gingerly "hoped for" foreign non-intervention and restoration of personal and trade union freedoms, but no condemnation of the imposition

Solidarity. In Nauplion the conversations had already turned mainly to impassioned denunciations of Turkish designs on the Aegean: Poland is a long way away.

Three weeks pass and suddenly the plot thickens. On 5 January the Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs is summarily sacked for having signed, contrary to instructions, the EEC declaration on Poland, and the government withdraws its assent to this declaration, notably to clauses 4 and 7. Clause 4 encapsulated a critique of "totalitarian systems such as those of Eastern Europe". Clause 7 committed the signatories to consultation with the United States with regard to the "best decisions" to be taken to advance their "common objectives" in the chastisement of the USSR. On 10 January it's a question of the NATO declaration. Again the Greek government has objections: it refuses to subscribe to any criticism of "particular political systems", such criticisms being, in Papandreou's judgement, "Cold War-type condemnations" and inimical to detente and dialogue. Furthermore it cannot support sanctions because these are not only unhelpful to the people of Poland but are generally negative in terms of East-West relations. The Greek government reminds member delegations that Soviet involvement in Polish affairs has not yet been "proved" and that, in any case, NATO is not "morally justified" in condemning Polish military dictatorship when it includes within its ranks another military regime — Turkey. With these reservations the government does, however, condemn martial law in Poland and warns the USSR not to intervene. Well, that's something.

On 23 January Greece again opposes NATO's proposals for economic sanctions against the

75,000 Poles are being tortured in concentration camps!

For its part the KKE paper reports that leaders of Solidarity had drawn up a list of 80,000 Communists to be sent to the gallows once the "counter-revolution" took power. It fulminates against the American "schemes" against the Polish people, the Cold War plans of the "war-mongering death-makers" and the "hideous and asphyxiating" pressures put on Greece to fall in with the plans of the imperialists. The Party itself goes on record condemning the "irresponsible extremist, anti-socialist elements" within and outside Solidarity. Shortly after, the Communist composer Mikis Theodorakis (folk hero for his various trials by fire at the hands of fascists and junists) shows up in *Pravda* congratulating the Soviet Union and other "socialist" countries for their implacability in the face of imperialism; the Soviet Union, says the man who wrote the music for "Zorba the Greek" — Zorba, the quintessentially freedom-loving Greek — is a "ramper of peace in the world".

If there is another Left in this country, with another perspective, it is but faintly heard. The anarchists (glorified squatters, really) put up a few posters in downtown Athens denouncing the "Polish junta". And the Eurocommunists, a splinter group off the KKE supported mainly by the Marxist intelligentsia, issues editorials of considerable refinement: they call for the "army's withdrawal to their barracks". It is, finally, a columnist in a politically independent newspaper who squares the circle: "This is the Polish people's tragedy," he writes, "to be crushed between two inconceivables. Either that of an independent state managing itself from the base (and therefore outside the Warsaw Pact) or that of the

(see *Greece*, pg. 10)

Military Rule in Poland

Militarization of Poland continues in the aftermath of the imposition of martial law on Dec. 13. The army is out to destroy Solidarity and all that it represents, because the "civilian" Communist Party had proved unable to do it. The Polish Central Committee's director of personnel is a general, and two other generals have just been named mayor of Warsaw and prefect of Gdansk. A colonel has become the regional party secretary in Gdansk.

The seventh plenary session of the Central Committee convened in February—after several postponements. Its first task was to try to stop the hemorrhage in the party ranks. More than 600,000 persons have quit in the past six months. Officially, the party still claims 2 1/2 million card-carrying members; according to some party sources, only a quarter of that number can be considered loyal.

The hemorrhage has left gaps. The Central Committee has had to dissolve the party organizations at about 200 factories, including the steel plant in Katowice and the University of Lublin. The explanation given has been that those units have fallen under Social Democratic influence.

The Polish Communist Party will have to deal with conflict at the summit of the party. A startling document has been circulating in Poland; a political platform of ultra neo-Stalinists who demand a purge of "revisionists," and protest against "the spiritual occupation of the country by imperialism and Zionism." Behind this hysterical jargon lies an attack on persons held "responsible for the disintegration of the party in the last 10 years." The Stalinists appear to be launching a campaign to blame former party leaders Edward Gierek and Stanislaw Kania, and even Gen. Jaruzelski, for all of Poland's current troubles.

Still, the Polish party's failure to play its required leading role in the country worries the Kremlin, which considers the prolonged continuation of the military dictatorship as much of a challenge as Social Democracy, particularly as the hour of succession approaches in the Kremlin. (International Herald Tribune, 24 February 1982).

No Bread for Pigs

Faced with shortages of grain in Ukraine, the breadbasket of the Soviet Union, authorities are threatening villagers with stiff fines, confiscation of property and prison terms for feeding bread to their pigs, cows and chickens.

An article in Pravda (3 February) urged a crackdown on villagers who divert bread and cereals to livestock, and noted that the maximum penalty under the law was three years' "deprivation of freedom."

The article, by a deputy prosecutor and by a jurist from the Ukraine, was a warning to the rural population to conserve scarce grain supplies as well as a call for greater vigilance by police.

The severe penalties reflect the apparently serious shortages of forage and feed grains for the



Romania Defaults on U.S. Loans

Romania has failed to pay the Commodity Credit Corp. \$5.8 million it owes for U.S. agricultural products, becoming the second Soviet bloc country after Poland to go into arrears on its debts to the U.S. government.

Romania owes the U.S. \$91.3 million this year under earlier loans for the purpose of buying commodities. Of that, \$41.5 million is owed directly to the Commodity Credit Corp., with the collection handled by private banks.

The latest development in the financial crisis in Eastern Europe raises the prospect of a new political embarrassment for the Reagan administration, which is already facing criticism for allowing Poland's military regime to delay paying its debts. During U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig's trip to Bucharest in February, Romanian officials reportedly sought promises of a new \$65-million loan to buy corn and soybean meal, but the Reagan administration rejected that request.

In November 1981, the International Monetary Fund suspended Romania's right to draw new credits and reportedly is insisting on substantial reforms in Romania's rigid, Soviet-style economy as a condition for continued financing. (International Herald Tribune, 26 February 1982).

The 'Leaflet' Case in Kiev

A number of young people residents of Kiev, were arrested for distributing leaflets on 12 January 1981, "Ukrainian political prisoners day." In addition to handing out leaflets calling on the Kiev population to mark "Ukrainian political prisoners day," the young people prepared a "Manifesto" on the Soviet regime's domestic policy, as well as several other documents. One of them, S. Naboka, was charged with writing and distributing poems and articles on themes such as "Pseudosocialism." Also charged were: Natalia Parkhomenko, Leonid Miliavsky, Larisa Lohyntskaya and I. Cherniavskaya. (U.H.V.R. Bulletin, No. 29, 9 December 1981).

Ukrainian Weekly in Poland

After a twelve-week interruption, the Ukrainian-language weekly *Nashe slovo*, which is published by the Ukrainian Social-Cultural Society (USKT) in Warsaw, has resumed publication. Dated 7 March 1982, the first issue of the newspaper to be published since the imposition of martial law in Poland, informs its readers that USKT was one of the organizations whose activities were temporarily suspended by the military regime, and that *Nashe slovo* was banned from publication. On 1 January 1982, the newspaper states, "in connection with the steady process of normalization of life in the country," the municipal authorities in Warsaw rescinded the ban on the USKT's activities and on 15 February the editorial board of *Nashe slovo* resumed its work. (Roman Solchanyk, Radio Liberty Research bulletin, 18 March 1982).

Strikes in Kiev

At the end of August 1981 the workers of Kiev motorcycle factory went on a two-day strike. They were demanding bonus payments and an increase in piece-rate payments. Factory management agreed to their terms and the strike was ended. (U.H.V.R. Bulletin, No. 29, 9 December 1981).

Astro Travel Service

COMPLETE TRAVEL SERVICE

- Specializing in Ukraine/Eastern Europe
- Group and Individual Travel
- Visas, Invitations, Passport Photos

10854 - 97 STREET
EDMONTON, ALBERTA
TEL. (403) 423-2351

Press Fund

SUSK National	\$800.00
U of T USC	\$468.00
Anonymous	\$38.00
John Kowalchuk MLA (Meiville)	\$15.00
Yuri Statank	\$8.00



• In case you missed all the great reviews, we'd like to recommend that you track down a copy of *Chivalry Lives*, the debut album of a young Ukrainian-Canadian musician named David Sereda. The Edmonton-born singer-songwriter was recently profiled in *The Body Politic* (The Canadian gay community's equivalent of *Student*), and we're hoping to do a similar piece on him in an upcoming issue. Although none of the songs on his *Chivalry Lives* album have any explicitly Ukrainian content, several of them are full of prairie references and Sereda has since written a piece about the plight of Poland. And though his love songs naturally deal with the joys and pains of gay relationships, straight readers needn't worry about being unable to relate to them as they deal with universal emotions in a sensitive and aesthetically pleasing manner. You can order the self-produced album by writing to Rocky Wednesday Records, c/o Post Office Box 4948, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3W2.

• Toronto funnyman and talk show host, Ted Woloshyn, has made a lot of appearances across the country in recent months strutting the stuff on his comedy album. It's not the heat, it's the humidity. But we understand that his next big gig is going to be in a hometown church on May 15th, where he is to exchange marriage vows with Ms. Nadia Kupych, a U of T student. The wedding isn't going to be televised by the C.B.C., and no this item isn't a joke, ladies.

• From the murky depths of York University there rises every week *The Excalibur*, a cunning and lethal weapon disguised as a campus newspaper. This outwardly innocuous publication strikes such fear into the hearts of York students that most dare not even touch it.

Lulled into a sense of false security, members of the York Ukrainian Students' Association (YUSA) actually gave interviews to an *Excalibur* reporter during Ukrainian Week. The result was an article in the International (?) section of the March 18 issue, which is reported to be in close contention for the coveted Janet Cooke Prize for Accuracy in Reporting.

The headline sets the tone for what is to follow: "Ukrainian Club celebrates their (?) ethnocentrism" (a Good Thing, according to the article). This is obviously a cleverly camouflaged allusion to "ethnicity." Even more deviously contrived is the reference to "financial aid to several Ukrainian Soviet defectors who were stranded in Vienna and wanted to emigrate to Canada." YUSA President Tamara Ivanochko is also quoted as saying: "We mailed thousands of letters asking for donations; we also held a fund-raising dance and through both of these works we were able to accumulate \$400. The money, she added, was given to the defectors through Amnesty International." Student agents have finally been able to crack the enigmatic *Excalibur* code and have reconstructed the hidden meaning of this passage: "The York cub held a pub which made \$400, and also participated in the SUSH fundraising campaign for Ukrainian students from Poland which netted \$25-30,000. The money was given to the Canadian Ukrainian Immigrant Aid Society."

There are several other passages of this type in the article; Student cryptographers are still working on deciphering their true meaning.

• It was with great interest that we read (in the *Spectator*, 20 March 1982) about the sacking of Bohdan Nahaylo from his position with the British chapter of Amnesty International. Accused of "serious misconduct" by AI Secretary-General, Thomas Mammarella, Nahaylo was forced to resign in early March after three and a half year's service as the organization's researcher on the Soviet Union. His "misconduct" consisted of writing articles for the *Spectator*, which allegedly damaged Amnesty's political impartiality and jeopardized its vital work. Actually, Nahaylo had been submitting freelance articles — with the full knowledge of his superiors and *not* in contravention of Amnesty regulations or standard practice — for some eighteen months, but he received absolutely no warning about the "serious" nature of this activity. More interesting yet is the fact the Secretary-General who fired Nahaylo did not hesitate to describe his work in a subsequent job reference as "invariably up to Amnesty International's standards." Obviously the whole affair has a rotten smell about it, or as the *Spectator* put it, "A rum business."

V ... is for vim, vigor, vitality and Vasque!

Walk-abouts ... the "Trail Blazers"

WALKING SHOES

Casual stroll or tough wilderness hike...these shoes are made for walkin'! Water repellent leather uppers. Vibram® soles. Cushioned insoles, steel shanks. And more!

(Available at leading sporting goods stores across Canada.)

Vasque the outdoor boot

Why Ukrainian Issues Don't Matter

The Ukrainian community wishes to favourably place its issues and ideas on the so-called public agenda, it must become aware of how working journalists operate within the context of news organizations be they print or broadcast. An important lesson in learning how journalists as a community of professionals have a common approach towards the task of "disco journalism" about an event or issue. This approach, or that I call the term "paradigm", dictates whether or not an event worth being reported, the style and substance of the report, and finally the kind of reaction intended to be evoked from the reader. The way news is defined and reported tends to reflect the shared norms and beliefs of a community of journalists. Later we will see that there are four such communities in existence today.

Journalism is only one form of storytelling; fiction, scholarship, polemics, and even advertising being some of the others. Paraphrasing Walter Lippman, all of them strive to "make sense of reality." How one separates news from other forms of storytelling, however, is what journalists like to argue about all the time.

As a working journalist I am often confronted with a dilemma: exactly how does one make sense of reality in an informative and artful way? My job as a television field producer for a public affairs program involves the production of features on a variety of topics. Usually, I have complete responsibility for each story, from conceptualizing the idea to making sure the final "visual package" gets on the air. But before I go through the motions of producing a story I have to convince an executive producer that the story idea has merit. I know the first question he'll ask me is, "Who really cares?" In other words, does the story have broad appeal?

Now working on the premise, — as one standard textbook on reporting puts it — "agent in democracy" and that it must "serve the public interest," my approach is totally different. I tend to choose a story and produce it in a way that reflects my belief as to why the public ought to care. There is a monumental difference between the two approaches. For example, if there ever was a conflict between producing a story on toxic chemicals in the Niagara River versus a story on male strippers, my guess is that the latter would win out. My executive producer is worried about ratings, whereas I'm interested in public education. (As it happens, I did produce both stories, which shows that both aims can coexist in a news organization, although one usually having priority over the other.)

The "who cares" question is characteristic of the "consumer approach" to news. Essentially, it means that an event or issue has news value if it can sell on the information market. (Remember: an event or issue becomes news only when it is published or broadcast). For example, if in the opinion of the reporter or his superior, nobody cares whether a Ukrainian demonstration in front of city hall is taking place, then it is not deemed newsworthy. A working journalist, if he wants to stay

employed, must quickly learn "news sense", that is, knowing how to dig for the kind of stories that the consumer wants to read, hear or see. He then "packages" it in an entertaining way.

The newsroom jargon that I use is just one of the symbols that bind like spider webs the kindred spirits of this, the largest community of working journalists. Taken to its logical ends, the consumer approach to news has created what is now known as "disco journalism."

The critics of this ultimate paean to consumerism say that it is trivial, sensationalist and devoid of any social responsibility. And so they cut themselves off like some daughter cell to worship the title of "investigative journalism." I think that most journalists as young idealists start out thinking this way. As they become assimilated into various profit-oriented news organizations, they begin to fully appreciate the tension between these two approaches to news.

Investigative reporters generally belong to what I call the "functionalist" community of journalists. Functionalists are critically aware of the agenda-setting function of the media and thus tend to place the social value of an issue or event over and above its consumer value. They are often interested in affecting social and political change.

Functionalism and consumerism are the two most dominant approaches to journalism, but they are not the only ones.

There are two additional, though less consequential, approaches to news. One is called the "advocacy paradigm." The goal here is to proselytize and build a social movement. Events are usually selected and reported with an ideological slant. The most common examples of advocacy journalism include party organs, alternative newspapers, and in-house publications.

Finally, there is the existentialist paradigm of news or the so-called "new journalism" popularized in the last decade by Tom Wolfe and Norman Mailer. According to Wolfe, the purpose of new journalism is "to give the full objective description, plus something that readers had always had to go to novels and short stories for: namely, the subjective or emotional life of the characters."

There is no doubt as to which definition of news is winning. The vast amount of consumer magazines on the market is one indicator. Another indicator is this remark by the president of Torstar (the publishers of the *Toronto Star*), who said that his company has evolved from simple news reporting into "information packaging." He was talking about videotext, but if you look at many of today's daily newspapers, radio and television newscasts, the same unmistakable packaged look given by market analysts and media consultants can be found.

For the mainstream news media, the newsworthiness of an issue must minimally satisfy the public interest role which they are supposed to portray (sometimes by law) and optimally the goal of improving circulation or ratings. If both can be satisfied at the same time, then the issue will likely get coverage. Some papers like the *Globe and Mail* tend to be more functionalist,

others like the *Toronto Star* or the *Sun* tend to be more consumerist. The *Clarion* (an alternative paper in the tradition of advocacy journalism). None of these organizations would be in business if they ignored both redeemable consumer and social value.

But there is still a bottom line: shareholders are satisfied and so do advertisers. Paycheques don't lie. Inevitably the mundane world of the nine-to-five will simply please his boss; and his boss is happy if the overall "news package". Everybody is happy if consumers choose to watch, read or listen to this. More often than not many Ukrainian issues don't fit this package, or if they do they are sanitized. Perhaps I will show why.

Two years ago there was a conference of *Newsweek* branch in Ottawa. A group from Montreal assembled exiled Soviet dissidents to make a presentation at a press conference. One of those was a Ukrainian immigrant to Britain after the war where he became an electronics expert. Subsequently during a bust in Moscow, he was arrested by the KGB for alleged espionage and sentenced to ten years in prison. His most notable achievement was the state of political prisoners in the Soviet Union. They were still being used as slave labor. He had been released in 1980 and was producing parts for Lada cars exported to America.

Although I was a student at the time, I had met one editor of the *Ottawa Citizen* for a story on the exiled Soviet dissident. The editor liked it. Now the reason I chose this one particular news conference was because I had heard that it would be the most "newsworthy." Had I gone to the *Ottawa Journal*, my chances of a more in-depth piece of news coverage would have been greater. But I knew that whereas the *Journal* focused on the event, the *Citizen* was not.

My story was not printed in the *Citizen* for the same reason. As another editor had told me: "We get these stories all the time, through town all the time, and quite frankly we're not interested anymore." (i.e. "who really cares?") The *Globe and Mail* published an interview with the exiled Soviet dissident, even though it was buried, in memory of the event, in the entertainment pages.

Here we have one newspaper which believes in the importance of news. The other newspaper, however, which has a tendency to be more consumerist than the first, gave the story a slight nod — at least enough to print it. To me however, the *Globe and Mail* gave the story a slight nod because it might get people talking about buying Soviet products with "political prisoners."

But another more controversial issue, at the Ukrainian community's standpoint, was the pro-

Ukrainians and the Media: A Conference Report

At the absolute minimum four different languages were being liberally strewn around after cocktail hour, 28 December at the Bociurkiw residence in Ottawa. French and Russian were the ones that may be a little harder to guess, the other two you should have no problem with. A perceptive outside observer could form one of two possible conclusions from this: either this was a convention of rather youthful linguists, or it was SUSK's annual Eastern Presidents' Conference. The less than precise quality of the syntax would leave little doubt for a knowledgeable observer's trained ear; it had to be the latter.

All befitting the nation's bureaucratic capital, about twenty participants arrived in Canada's winter playground, using a system of staggered hours. Surprisingly, a vast majority decided to take part in some of the official business, both of the type pertaining to Ukraine Affairs and with respect to the theme of the conference relating to the media. These sessions took place at the Unicentre, which came to be known as the Carleton Country Club.

A few Plato's ruler-types were in evidence — aristocrats, bureaucratic tyrants — appearing as SUSK Presidents and their wives from Toronto, York, Ryerson, Western, Windsor, McMaster, Alberta, Manitoba (the latter two qualifying insofar as they are east of the Rockies). An oligarchy arrived from McGill also, plus Charlie's Angels, and Charlie even deigned to come. Since in Montreal, rumour has it that a Concordia representative attended, albeit on loan but as this report goes to press it remains as much a mid-rumour. Of course, the capital's seats of higher learning in Ottawa and Carleton, were there too.

Between 29 December and 1 January, serious conference activities were swetted by the spiritually soothing gadgetry available to all in an Orwellian arcade, a massive pool room for the Winter Olympics, and some of the finest gastronomical facilities of any university in the land. These became a much needed aid in reducing heart rates and blood pressure which mounted inexorably after sleepless nights at Ottawa's B-rated (that's being charitable) Beacon Arms Hotel. They were followed mercilessly each day by a ride on OC Transpo, purportedly North America's showcase surface transit system but which in fact features randomly under- or over-heated suspension-free buses that tend to occasionally slip below the surface of Ottawa's pot-holed winter streets.

Daily sessions began and ended with alarming irregularity notably on New Year's Day — in its case due to a somewhat taxing

luncheon date of Ukrainian cuisine that had been served in identical fashion not more than twelve short hours earlier at the New Year's Zabava. Of course, this was not done by chance, but was a calculated attempt at confusing conference participants as to their wits and whereabouts in their melancholy, post-Zabava state in order to convince them of the necessity of embarking on the long journey home as soon as possible. Some called our bluff by staying until Saturday.

The New Year's Day session did not begin until rather late in the afternoon, and the day's scheduled activity of writing a radio script for *Rizvdo*, turned into a last minute debacle that had to be saved (using modest descriptive language) by the Nash Holos Staff. Of course, we locals didn't plan it this way; rather we foresaw out-of-town participants doing more of the, shall we say, less *conceptual* work. That is not to discount the brilliant Toronto interpretation of the West; nor the fabulous Ottawa account of Winnipeg (geographically, neither here nor there). Naturally Montreal had to do itself.

Other luncheons tended to be rather significant affairs too, with locally inspired and manufactured pizza and submarines on Tuesday and Thursday respectively, which were intentionally interspersed with the Colonel on Wednesday, in order to cure anyone's creeping homesickness during the middle of the week with some nationally recognized North American cuisine. These daily culinary highlights were preceded and succeeded throughout the week by some remarkable sessions.

On Tuesday, it was SUSK business in the morning, and Student affairs in the afternoon, with the Edmonton intelligentsia appealing for all types of our Eastern support. Easterners though, were not about to be easily swayed; in fact we know all about the Heritage Savings Trust Fund. Later, it was determined that this was simply a tactic on the part of the Edmonton contingent to make us feel guilty about asking them for money later on.

On Wednesday, TV producer Morris Ilyniak from CHCH-TV-11 (serving Toronto, Hamilton and the Niagara Peninsula) spoke in the morning on why Ukrainians don't make the news. With that kind of coverage area one can see why not. After lunch, flamboyant CBC radio producer Dave Mowbray told us Ukrainians how a story should be put together and presented: objectively and truthfully he said, not dogmatically and distortedly (no slight at *Student* intended). Not to forget that during Wednesday's lunch as we ate the Colonel (or Poulet Frit à la

Kentucky), Montreal's omni-Ukrainian Taras Hryhorovych Halyna taught us French lessons using Ukrainian visual aids.

On Thursday, an attempt at getting in some time in the morning met with some limited success, obviously not enough to satisfy Davis administration Ted Marunchak, our afternoon speaker. Ted basically got the morning session reminded him of a dog's breakfast, we shouldn't bother applying for the Tory government team in Ontario.

Earlier, reference was made to the opening night that was held at the Bociurkiw residence. It was there that of that near-debauchery, involving flown in and Kolomeyka vodka, that most likely caused the cancellation of the planned trip across the Ottawa river the subsequent Tuesday. This was unfortunate. Any visitor to the city should also see the seedier side of it, Hull, Ah, Hull, witness another being blown away simply for an improper coatchecking technique.

Instead, Tuesday evening was distinguished by a dinner at a not badly decorated restaurant, which offered a variety of disguised fast foods on Ottawa's all-too-walkway, the Sparks Street Mall. Determined not to let our impression with our distinguished guests, that peachy-keen as the graffiti and letter-free thoroughfare would indicate, we locals were a significant portion of the restaurant grouping *Marketa*, a transition zone of boarded-up storefronts, and trendy singles bars.

After a chilly tour of the environmentally unfriendly Brandy's/Scotland Yard singles maze was sizing up the crowd, one Westerner was heard to say that there sure was a healthy turnout for a Tuesday night, much later than we Ottawans were able to decipher. This statement: You see Ottawa is a city where the weekend versus a weeknight was melted into the same a long time ago. This is a city, after all, where pressing need to get up early in the morning except after government pay cheques are issued. For us curious and somewhat romantic that this distinguishes weekends from weekdays still occurs in the provinces.

Don't Make the News

thers like the *Toronto Star* or the *Sun* tend to be more consumerist. The *Clarion* (an alternative paper in Toronto) is an example of advocacy journalism. None of these news organizations would be in business if they ignored issues that had both redeemable consumer and social value.

But there is still a bottom line: shareholders have to be satisfied and so do advertisers. Paycheques don't grow on trees. Inevitably the mundane world of the nine-to-five journalist is to simply please his boss; and his boss is happy if the story fits the overall "news package". Everybody is happy when more consumers choose to watch, read or listen to this news package. More often than not many Ukrainian issues don't make it into that package, or if they do they are sanitized. Perhaps a few examples will show why.

Two years ago there was a conference of NATO's political branch in Ottawa. A group from Montreal assembled a group of exiled Soviet dissidents to make a presentation as well as hold a press conference. One of those was a Ukrainian who had immigrated to Britain after the war where he had become an electronics expert. Subsequently during a business trip to Moscow, he was arrested by the KGB for alleged espionage and sentenced to ten years in prison. His most notable contribution about the state of political prisoners in the Soviet Union was that they were still being used as slave labor. He had brought with him some Olympic souvenirs made in his camp. Other camps, he revealed, were producing parts for Lada cars exported to North America.

Although I was a student at the time, I had made the pitch to the editor of the *Ottawa Citizen* for a story on this fellow. The editor liked it. Now the reason I chose this one particular aspect of the entire news conference was because I had thought that this would be the most "newsworthy". Had I gone to the then-existent *Ottawa Journal*, my chances of a more in-depth piece would have been greater. But I knew that whereas the *Journal* was covering the event, the *Citizen* was not.

My story was not printed in the *Citizen* for the simple reason another editor had told me: "We get these dissidents coming through town all the time, and quite frankly we're just not interested anymore." (i.e. "who really cares?") Two weeks later, the *Globe and Mail* published an interview with the same individual, even though it was buried, if memory serves me right, in the entertainment pages.

Here we have one newspaper which believed that the story had little interest to its readers, and hence little consumer value. The other newspaper, however, which has a tendency to be less consumerist than the first, gave the story a slightly higher rating at least enough to print it. To me however, the story had a lot of social value because it might get people talking about the ethics of buying Soviet products with "political prisoner" content in them.

But another more controversial issue, at least from the Ukrainian community's standpoint, was the press conference

itself. Among the main speakers was Peter Hryhorenko, who has been criticized for being too soft on the USSR as a national question. The report on his statement by the *Citizen* and a Press reporter only made his credibility even worse, for we did not say anything about Ukrainian dissidents and what they were fighting for. Instead it referred only to "Soviet dissidents" and their denied basic human rights such as free speech.

But that was not the gist of Hryhorenko's talk. In fact, it was about giving the people of Ukraine the right to exist as a separate nation. After the short speech there was dead silence. None of the few reporters at the Press Gallery knew precisely what to ask. Some stood up to break the ice by asking certain "pertinent questions". It seemed obvious to me from the ensuing discussion and follow-up questions that the essence of Hryhorenko's comments was clear. The fact that it did not come out that way in the report indicates one of two things: either the reporters were too stupid or probably that when they got back to write their stories they thought "who really cares about Ukraine's right to self-determination; our readers are more interested in how Moscow abuses human rights."

Note how the angle was chosen to give it more consumer appeal. It conveys a stereotyped image that the average person in the West might have of the human rights movement in the Soviet Union.

I think a similar thing happened when CBC's *Fifth Estate* recently did a story on Danylo Shumuk. The emphasis was on the efforts being made by his family in Canada, the federal government, and Amnesty International to free political prisoners. It gave very little attention to the reason for his incarceration or that there were thousands like him still in prison or exile. It didn't even mention the efforts of the Ukrainian community or its criticism of government inaction, despite the fact that a Ukrainian researcher works for the show and who, I'm sure would have provided this information. The producers probably decided that "our viewers aren't interested in the question of russification of Ukraine, but rather how this man Shumuk might be reunited with his brother."

Another favourite technique for newsworthiness especially obvious in consumerist media is something called linkage. This usually happens when an important national or international event takes place and is reported by the elite media. Often the local and regional press attempts to link some local event to it; that is, giving it a "local angle." For example, when Nina Strokata was at Carleton University giving a lecture, I remember a classmate of mine (also Ukrainian) who was covering the event for the Carleton student newspaper, *The Charlatan*. The editor insisted over my friend's objections that he begin his lead paragraph with what Strokata had to say about Afghanistan, as if this was the main thrust of her lecture.

(see Ukrainian issues, pg. 11)

Mykola Mylnik

2	3
4	5
6	7
8	9
10	11
12	13
U1	U2
U3	U4
U5	U6

Taras Myhal

a: A Conference Report

Kentucky), Montreal's omni-Ukrainian Taras Hukalo gave us French lessons using Ukrainian visual aids.

On Thursday, an attempt at getting in some SUSH business in the morning met with some limited success, although obviously not enough to satisfy Davis administration member Ted Marunchak, our afternoon speaker. Ted basically told us why our morning session reminded him of a dog's breakfast, and that we shouldn't bother applying for the Tory government re-election in Ontario.

Earlier, reference was made to the opening night social gala that was held at the Bociurkiw residence. It was the after-effects that near-debauchery, involving flown in and locally altered, Volomeyka vodka, that most likely caused the cancellation of a planned trip across the Ottawa river the subsequent evening, Tuesday. This was unfortunate. Any visitor to the nation's capital would also see the seedier side of it, Hull. Ah, Hull, where one can witness another being blown away simply for practising an improper coatchecking technique.

Instead, Tuesday evening was distinguished by a rather quiet dinner at a not badly decorated restaurant, which served a sordid variety of disguised fast foods on Ottawa's all-too-civil pedestrian walkway, the Sparks Street Mall. Determined not to leave the impression with our distinguished guests, that Ottawa was as peachy-keen as the graffiti and letter-free Sparks Street broughfare would indicate, we locals were able to steer a significant portion of the restaurant grouping towards the arkefa, a transition zone of boarded-up former red light elements, and trendy singles bars.

After a chilly tour of the environmentally unprotected area, a Brandy's/Scotland Yard singles maze was entered. Uponizing up the crowd, one Westerner was heard to remark, "there sure was a healthy turnout for a Tuesday night." It was only much later that we Ottawans were able to decipher the meaning of this statement: You see Ottawa is a city where the concept of a weekend versus a weeknight was melted into one and the same a long time ago. This is a city, after all, where there is no pressing need to get up early in the morning except on the day after government pay cheques are issued. For us Ottawans it was curious and somewhat romantic that this practice of distinguishing weekends from weekdays still occurred in the provinces.

The near universal turn-out for Wednesday night's skate down the world's longest cross-country ski trail on ice must have had something to do with the length and tiring effect of the so-called serious sessions that took place that day. A fair proportion of skaters managed the entire eight kilometre stretch of the trail from the National Arts Centre to Carleton; however, others were caught halfway, literally with only their socks on. It remains somewhat of a mystery how these misplaced souls eventually crawled into Mike's Place (no, not Bociurkiw's); a smallish pub at the Carleton Unicentre.

At Mike's, healthy doses of Ukrainian music and Canadian beverages set tired and blistered feet afire on an improvised yet seasonally well-decorated, dance floor. The hallucinatory effect which this created in this small room was able to sway the culturally deprived bartendress, hired from the university graduate society for the evening, to commit previously unknown transgressions against the regime in Ontario; that is, beverages which have more kick than pop after 1 am in a public place. It was with great relief that we treated the newsmen that Marunchak — the Ontario government man — wasn't there until the next day.

The New Year's Eve Zabava on Thursday evening featured Samotsvit. That's the Montreal band which for some reason has just released an album with a map of Quebec and parts of Newfoundland on the cover. Samotsvit brought some boozies and groupies along with them from Montreal, and coupled with the early, no doubt civil service inspired departure of the three Western representatives (how quickly they learn those Ottawa ways), there was suddenly a marked overrepresentation of Montrealers at the conference. While by no means can anyone safely generalize about these people, nor would one even want to attempt it, it was nonetheless readily apparent that there would be a communication problem. And that is not in reference to the soundman, who is two years out of Lviv.

As for the Zabava itself, Samotsvit with its well-known affection for Newfoundland, somehow managed to arrange for the net of balloons that were to fall to the floor at the turn of the new year, to come down early. An hour and a half early in fact, to correspond with celebrations in St. John's. Unfortunately, most

(see report pg. 10)





Direction in Diversity ...

VID DUSHI

VESELKA

La Compagnie de
Publication OKO Ltee.
VES 100

1. Pidu la horou
2. Lebedyni sny
3. Vystup raiduhu
4. Prelude
5. U dol sviava vesna
1. Rydai moia hytaru
2. Vid dushi
3. Ksenka Pidpenka
4. Z liuboviu do Vas

Ihor Zowtonizka — guitars, vocals
Andrij Czerny — accordion, keyboards, vocals
Roman Kolanitch — drums, percussion, vocals
Wasyl Kinal — bass, accordion, vocals

Regular readers of RET SENDS YA undoubtedly will have noticed that one of the most frequent criticisms of contemporary Ukrainian musical ensembles to appear in this column pertains to the lack of creative direction. Too many groups plying their wares in this field rate no more than a passing mention either because they take on a style unsuited to their talents or the genre itself, or because their repertoire amounts to mere parroting of what has preceded them. Others fall into the trap of assuming so many faces that a clear identity never emerges. A puzzling conundrum indeed, which few have managed to resolve. There's no standard solution; each band battles the problem to the best of its abilities and with varying degrees of success. One of the few groups to have finally come to terms with it and its creative direction is VESELKA.

VESELKA's self-realization has been some time in the making. Together since the latter half of the 1970's, the Montreal foursome has paid its dues on the area's wedding and zavava circuit. A respectable debut album two years ago and appearances at major Ukrainian festivals across the country served to build a loyal following for the band. Unlike the majority of its contemporaries, VESELKA has aged creatively over the span of its existence. The culmination of that growth process comes with the group's latest release, VID DUSHI, certainly one of the best collections of homegrown contemporary Ukrainian music to appear in some time.

What enables VESELKA to succeed so admirably where others have failed is the band's, no-holds-barred approach to the task at hand. From start to finish VID DUSHI is a labour of love (no pun intended), underscoring VESELKA's instinctive feel for what it's doing. Here's a group that's equally at home in the recording studio as it is on stage. If you've ever seen VESELKA live, you'll know it's impossible not to get caught up in the band's infectious enthusiasm, its driving intent to entertain as well as to express and enjoy itself. To carry such presence off on vinyl is no mean feat. Yet VESELKA delivers in spades.

It's the combination of enthusiasm and an intuitive sense of what sounds good and feels right that lets VESELKA escape from being pigeon-holed into any one musical category. As VID DUSHI shows, the group is comfortable in a variety of musical frameworks, be it adapting a *nardomira pisnia* in its own inimitable fashion or laying down some straight-ahead rock and roll. Covering such a wide spectrum could be interpreted as lack of definition and direction, but VESELKA handles the cross-overs with such aplomb and drive that it only serves to underline the band's multifaceted talents, turning quantum musical leaps into a strength rather than a weakness.

VID DUSHI offers something for someone of almost every musical persuasion. For the advocates of stylized folk there's "Ksenka Pidpenka," a humorous tune popularized by the BUKOVENIAN SONG & DANCE ENSEMBLE, and "Vystup raiduhu," a medley of instrumental folk numbers which could become the accordion's answer to "Dueling Banjos" thanks to the prowess of accordionists ANDRIJ CZERNY and WASYL KINAL. Its taste runs more in the direction of es/trada or soft pop, there's a variety to choose from: catchy original compositions by guitarist IHOR ZOWTONIZKA such as "Lebedyni sny" and "Vid dushi," CZERNY's "Z liuboviu do Vas," or the IVASIUK classic "U dol sviava vesna" (although in VESELKA's arrangement the latter bears little resemblance to anything soft). And if driving rhythms, searing lead guitar licks and keyboard fills that will make your head spin are more your style, "Rydai moia hytaru" — another VESELKA original — is guaranteed to please.

More than two-thirds of VID DUSHI consists of material at least partially penned by members of the band, and it's in these original numbers that VESELKA really shines. ZOWTONIZKA's "Lebedyni sny" is probably the album's best offering, a melodic love ballad featuring some beautifully-mellow lead guitar lines and strong vocals. CZERNY's instrumental "Prelude" leading into "U dol sviava vesna" ranks a very close second — the synthesizer work carries an unmistakable ALAN PARSONS' influence and is designed for listening at maximum volume. Another of CZERNY's musical dimensions is amply illustrated in "Pidu la horou"; the original music set to folk lyrics simply sparkles.

Individually, the members of VESELKA are all given a chance to display their virtuosity on VID DUSHI. ROMAN KOLANITCH's drumming and percussion combined with KINAL's steady bass lines form a strong backbone on top of which CZERNY, alternating between accordion and keyboards, and ZOWTONIZKA on guitar

(Cont'd On Page 10)

A polished act

Cheremosh: quieting



Flying high on Cheremosh

Edmonton's CHEREMOSH ensemble staged a concert this past February which I anticipated with great apprehension. The rumour market in Edmonton had hummed previously with news of a major upheaval in key people and leadership in CHEREMOSH. This cast a shadow of doubt in many people's minds as to whether or not CHEREMOSH would be able to produce a successful show.

Despite the doubt, the worry, and the apprehension preceding the show, CHEREMOSH did present a very pleasing concert this year. The weekly character and ballet classes with ballet mistress Maria Bokor obviously paid off. Whereas in the past CHEREMOSH has often been criticized for lacking polish in the technical aspects of its dancing,

Heorii Maiboroda, Taras Shevchenko, opera in four novellas. Soloists, chorus and orchestra of the Shevchenko Opera and Ballet Theatre (Kiev, K. Simeonov — conductor. Melodiya C 0911-4 (stereo) or D 014393-6 (mono). Reissued by Arka (N.Y.) as ARC 850.

More operas were composed in Ukraine in the 19th century than in the 20th. The irony of this lies in the fact that whereas in the previous century there were only a handful of opera houses in Ukraine and state subsidies were virtually unheard of, in this century it seems that almost every oblast capital in the country boasts a state-supported opera theatre. But how many contemporary Ukrainian operas are performed in them? The problem becomes even more evident when we consider the number of recordings made in the modern period. Perhaps the best opera written in the 20th century Ukraine, B. Liatoshynsky's *Zolotyi obruch* (The golden ring), has not even been recorded although the Lviv production won the Shevchenko prize a few years ago. Of course, a small number of opera recordings are now available, and some of them will be reviewed in this column.

In keeping with the Shevchenko tradition established in last month's review, let us examine a work that was composed in the very early 1960s to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the poet's death (1961) and the 150th anniversary of his birth (1964). The composer followed in the footsteps of I. Kotliarevsky or R. Wagner and wrote his own libretto for the opera.

The work is unusual in that the only character (and singer) who appears in all four acts is the main hero, Taras Shevchenko (sung, most appropriately, by M. Shevchenko). All other characters appear only in one act, so it is the hero who holds the whole opera together. But given the framework of the entire work,



Konsert Meister Doremy Fasola

this strategy proves to be quite successful.

The author's intention was to present four scenes from the poet's life, the first two following in close chronological succession. In the initial scene we see Shevchenko back in Ukraine after his emancipation, visiting his native village in 1843. He has not forgotten his childhood friends, although at first they do not recognise the young gentleman he has become. The dramatic climax of this novella comes in the form of a mad scene. Oksana, Taras' childhood sweetheart, superbly sung by Ielysaveta Chavdar, has fallen

this year there was a remarkable improvement in precision and togetherness. This is impressive especially when one considers the wide variety of regional dances that CHEREMOSH performs. The girls especially showed a great improvement in this regard, and consequently hold great promise for the future, if they keep improving at this rate.

Certain individuals stood out from the mass of dancers, this year more than ever, due primarily to age and character. People's eyes were glued to Ken Kachmar, whose character and technique distinguished him greatly even on a crowded stage. Lawrence Kenakin, too, was very noticeable due to his age and experience. Chris Koper consistently exuded enough energy to make him seem like a real kozak, and not one of the stage variety. The girls' roles were cute, pretty, and predictable, and did not really offer anyone a chance to truly shine. Leanne Koziak, and Gail and Dolores Wacko proved themselves capable of exhibiting a much more realistic treatment of women in Ukrainian dancing — or, conversely, a more mature form of humour than the choreographic idea allowed them.

The performance was primarily a montage of various regional and thematic dances. In this light, the Bukovyns'ka polka stood out at the best of the various polkas that I have yet seen in the Soviet repertoire. The "Dance of Welcome," which has become "traditional" at Ukrainian dance concerts, was adequate, but this genre of dance is becoming more of a cliché than a pleasure to watch. Lawrence

victim to her master's games and subsequently lost her mind.

The second novella is almost a mirror image of the first. Here Shevchenko, well-known and admired, is fêted by the gentry. A ser girl (Zoia Khrystych) sings for the masters but loses control of her emotions. When the "gentlemen" show their disapproval, Shevchenko upbraids them for their lack of humanness.

The third novella is set on the shores of the Caspian Sea in the 1850s. The Polish insurgent Sierakowski talks with his friend Shevchenko as a messenger brings Taras the bad news that his appeal for freedom was denied again. And the fourth novella portrays Shevchenko's last evening in 1861. Friends had come to his St. Petersburg flat to congratulate him on his birthday. Although the poet is gravely ill he keeps dreaming about returning to his beloved Ukraine. He sees a vision of his homeland, rises to follow it, but the candle falls from the hands of the dying poet. The opera concludes, as it had begun, with a chorale of praise to the Bard of Ukraine.

In his libretto H. Maiboroda remained faithful to historical documents, the poet's own words, or popular legends about him. The music is neo-romantic as befits an opera about a romantic poet. In keeping with the character of the story, the author has mercifully spared his audience colourful (but inappropriate) folksong singing and dancing. Yet the work has an unmistakably Ukrainian melodic character. Shevchenko's *leitmotif*, for example, has the character of a soaring Ukrainian melody.

It has been nearly twenty years since this operatic album first appeared on the market. Although most discs discussed in this column seemed to have had a long shelf-life, this one may be a little difficult to find now. But keep your eyes open; if you like traditional Ukrainian opera with some judicious 20th century innovations, as this album is worth the search.

the critics

Kenakin, who interestingly enough had told *The Edmonton Journal* that people in Canada are not qualified enough to do Ukrainian choreography, himself choreographed two interesting character dances. He, Steve and Chris Koper, and Ken Kachmar performed them with a sense of humour and confidence that the audience responded to very well. The *Zaporozh's'kyj* montage reflected the trite, typical and sentimental view of *kozaky* that Ukrainians almost always portray in dance. This particular piece of choreography is very tired and overused in CHEREMOSH's repertoire.

I was really looking forward to "Sorochyn's'kyj Jaromorok". Based on Mykola Hohol's story of the same title, I had expected a more accurate and less confusing adaptation of the story. I expected hustle and bustle, *shum ta hamir*. Having obviously gone through much trouble to obtain all the props necessary for an old country market, they should have been left onstage for more than the first minute. They created an atmosphere that the audience wanted to savour longer. On the

whole, "Sorochyn's'kyj Jaromorok" could have been wonderfully staged. It still can — in a longer suite, and if altered considerably to reflect its source more accurately.

CHEREMOSH allowed its junior group to participate in a fairly large amount of the show. While being a good experience for such young dancers, this also had the unfortunate consequence of detracting from the overall technical accuracy of the performance. Perhaps CHEREMOSH could be used more effectively, or else CHEREMOSH should perform at CHEREMOSHNA concerts, and not vice-versa.

Two points can be made in regard to the concert program. Firstly, the program should be printed in both Ukrainian and English. A large proportion of the audience — both old and young — would prefer to read it in Ukrainian. Language is definitely a major part of that culture that Ukrainian dance companies in Canada strive to maintain and develop. Secondly, in translating CHEREMOSHNA into English, the internationally recognized translitera-

tion system should be used. For instance, "Bukovinia" should have been printed as "Bukovyna". Too often, concert programs resemble the infuriating labels of Melodiya and "V" records. This usually forces people to refer to the Ukrainian half of the program anyway, in order to figure out what is trying to be said.

All in all, many people in Edmonton enjoyed the concert precisely because it didn't flounder in a lengthy, confusing and predictable story line. They appreciated the quick changeovers in costuming, themes, regional dance styles, and music. Poltava and Hucul'schyna can seem dull after a while. However, this year, more so than in the past, CHEREMOSH did not present a fashion show. CHEREMOSH approximated the character of the regional dances more accurately than in past concerts. CHEREMOSH's level of dance skill has improved greatly, and if its members continue to exhibit a good attitude of hard work, the future holds bright promises for their ensemble.

Rod Dynamo is back again after his off-season holiday in the Crimea. After thinking over his future, Rod has returned to Edmonton and re-enrolled into a Bachelor of Arts programme at the U of A — a development that has purportedly prompted him to remark, "I better get if over with it I want to have any chance of becoming a professional sports broadcaster." (He now does colour commentary for PeeWee games). Student newspaper is pleased to publish this excerpt of Rod's unpublished novella, *All I Ever Wanted To Be Was A Hockey Player And Enjoy A Bit Of Pinball In The Ott Season.*

Yes, the world is full of us fourth year Arts students in three year B.A. programmes. This breed of society. The mass of humanity that psychologists classify as having "student menopause". A period of life which is mixed with evaporating thoughts of becoming a hockey superstar. Both male and female sit disillusioned by the fact that they will never supercede the minor leagues and become the dazzling left winter on a popular Canadian club.

Along with my comrades, with wrinkled faces and slightly bent nose frames from childhood hockey skirmishes, we sit consoling each other over our previously aspirated objectives of collecting salaries over the six digit figure. We are undoubtedly beagued, hot-knifing awkward shaped pucks instead of shooting for the upper left hand corner of the net in the hope of climbing the scoring ladder. And of Timmy Cymborsky wonders why he spent the first twenty years of his life at the rink shack smoking cigarettes between periods and wondering whether he, too, would confront some obscure ailment to end his hockey future. He still has the ringing sound of his mother and father in his ears: "One day he'll be the best Ukrainian Orthodox hockey player in the N.H.L." Well, Mr. and Mrs. Cymborsky, he didn't make it.

Last Saturday I went to see the Oilers play the Leafs at Timmy's bachelor apartment overlooking the skyline of Norwood, one of Edmonton's most cherished neighborhoods. We chewed the fat for a few periods, until we invariably conceded the fact that the Leafs from Toronto had once again fallen on their esses, giving up fifteen goals to a spunky Edmonton



Pinball Meister

Rod Dynamo

team. Timmy pulled out his "Wayne Gretzky Scrapbook" showing me the documented proof that the great Oiler centre was indeed of Ukrainian descent. Articles from the Edmonton and the Toronto Sun saying that Gretzky's Baba immigrated from Ukraine. Another article from the failing English supplement of *Homin Ukraine*, a.k.a. *Ukrainian Echo*, establishing that Wayne Gretzky is Ukrainian, but more pointedly, that he might be a Catholic as well. The vital statistics of "Ukrainians in The NHL": Gretzky, Bossy, Maruk, Hawerchuk, are leading John Ziegler's league in scoring. Timmy shows me "The Great Gretzky Souvenir Scrapbook" published in the hapless *Edmonton Journal*. In it, a headline reads "Gretz feasts on soap operas, pyrogies". Gretzky's roomy, Oiler defenceman Kevin Lowe, tells the reporter that Gretzky "can eat steaks the day of a game. And pyrogies. They must fit in his stomach, but he just doesn't let food rule his life. He doesn't let it bother his system." Lowe appears to speak from experience.

Timmy and I decide to can the T.V. and hop over to one of the local Italian coffee bars for a

cafe latte and several games of pinball. On our seemingly endless journey to the bar, Timmy tries to lean his head against my shoulder, poufing that he's too old to be taken in the June amateur draft. I console him by pulling out a pipe or those soft, awkward, shaped pucks, telling him that they'll probably be another league of asses like the W.H.A. all bidding high stakes to win the talents of Timmy Cymborsky.

We plug the pinball machine full of quarters and quickly down our coffees in anticipation of the first blinking light and ringing sound. Timmy has me finish his first turn as he runs for the men's room; a bit of coffee keeps the bathroom smelling like toffee. I "match" twice on the pinball game called Trident, which was obviously designed by a Ukrainian nationalist who lost his job as an engineer. Typically, the right gutter consumes most of the balls played. The only thing to do is kick the machine and hope that it doesn't TILT "Shit!"

I end up rescuing Timmy from a fight with the manager of the bar. He complains that the management doesn't have the decency to hire a custodian to replenish the toilet paper supply. Like a referee summoning hostile players to the penalty bench, I eject Timmy from the bar, telling him that there are other arenas in the Norwood division of Edmonton's prosperous pinball league.

Timmy and I wander down the gravelled streets of Edmonton. There is nowhere in particular to travel to. We walk silently, hoping in the back of our minds that we'll get a call from some desperate twentieth place team. Knowing that someday, there will be a need to strap on a pair of skates, if only as a gesture to our fantasies of becoming hockey superstars.

Timmy rang me up last week. He said he'd been called down to Wichita of the Western Hockey League. Playing spot duty as a penalty killer, he confessed that he had quit smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee. "I don't shake anymore," said Timmy triumphantly. However, there was a tone of uncertainty in his voice. Apparently he had been benched by his coach for one game because he returned late to the hotel the night before. Timmy explained that he had gotten into a fight at a Wichita pinball arcade. This time his money jammed in the machine.

KOLUMN-EYKA



A night on the town with Toronto's Bulava

What characteristics identify Ukrainians in a non-Ukrainian mind? Quite simply: macho men, daring swordsmen, romantic horsemen, good-humoured party lovers, strong singers in perfect harmony, bright costumes and, of course, impressive acrobatic steps, leaps, jumps, spins and solos executed with perfect timing and applause-inducing rhythms. Without trivializing, Bulava has taken all of these qualities and packaged them for the non-Ukrainian diner, thoughtfully putting them in a tasteful climaxing order to capitalize on a market that Ukrainians in Canada have never experimented with or dared to enter before.

Bulava is a four-member male dance ensemble that performs a Ukrainian nightclub act at two Ukrainian Caravan restaurants in Toronto. The critics never cease to be impressed:

An accomplished accordianist and fiddler duo provide dinner music and accompany four male dancers who appear in white fur hats, white boots and peasant blouses... the dancers go into their standard kicks, knee-bends, legs spinning and the high splits that threaten to send them flying off the envelope-sized stage and into the audience. We gather it took practise to squeeze the show onto the tiny stage but it comes off with a splendid flourish.'

Just being a commercial success in the demanding Yorkville area says a lot about the group, not to mention the restaurant. But upon leaving the restaurant the delicious meal is almost forgotten because of the exquisite entertainment.

Bulava is sheer entertainment. The whole idea of professional Ukrainian dancing in the nightclub vein excited and impressed me so much, that I had to rush out and see them my first night out in Toronto to answer the question that was gnawing me: What could tour guys do for fifty minutes that would get the audience going, sustain their excitement and still keep the show Ukraine? "We're not a folk dance troupe. We're a nightclub act. We're entertainers. We go with what works," is how Volodymyr Teres answered my question after the show.

The show definitely "works". It's put together so that the opening dance is very spectacular, with many solos and athletic attention-grabbers. Like a series of eight pirouettes with a quadruple neatly tucked on the eighth count, and "pistols", or jumps from the floor to a pike-like position held in the air, way above the audience's heads. This automatically gets the audience clapping, and while they're still leaning off their chairs to see more of the five-minute dance, the group launches into their rendition of "Those Were the Days," again getting the audience not only to clap along, but this time to sing as well. Two more songs follow in a boisterous Ukrainian Cossack fashion, both very bright and upbeat.

While everyone is still feeling the energy of the last performance, Andrij, the "Ataman" of the group, talks to the diners. He asks how they are, if they're having a great time and announces any anniversaries, birthdays or other celebrations in the crowd. The rest of the Cossacks join in for "Happy Birthday" or "Na mnohi lita." This tactic is important in "relating" to the audience making them feel a part of the show and at home in the restaurant. It's very surprising to actually see how open the diners become at this point. Then the accordianist slows things down with his version of "Verkhovyno," a slow, lyrical Ukrainian piece, impressing us not only with his wide vocal range but with his caressing voice, his impressive technique, and his ability to hold the audience in his grasp.

A danger warning precedes the next act, which requires precise timing and immense skill (obviously forbidding the distraction of cameras). It commences with a barbarian-like spinning and flashing of swords, but turns out to be a comedy dance with two macho *kozaky* doing a stereotypical vaudeville soft-shoe routine, brandishing the long swords as if they were dance canes. In "Tea for Two," all I can imagine to describe the performance is Gene Kelly with a huge sword, in black satin with gold embroidery, white boots, a huge white fur hat and a bushy ruff! The humor is brilliant, setting the entire restaurant roaring with laughter.

Then the mood changes completely. Light, sound and music effects set the stage for a real sword fight requiring split-second timing, with the flashing and smashing of swords sending sparks flying. The Cossacks spin and fly through the air, attacking and landing without losing their balance and ending up composed and still spinning the swords around in a baton-like fashion. Backstage, I discovered that the swords are actually quite heavy (nineteen ounces) compared to what most groups use, requiring even more precision and strength on the dancers' part. The dance, I was told, consists of three set patterns of fighting which change in tempo and rhythm for variety and level of intensity. That is, one set is done standing, another on the knees and another jumping through the air with near misses. In between the three sets of sword-fighting (which really is a stagecraft) there are solo improvisations by each of the two dancers. As Volodymyr explained, "Whatever we want to do in-between what has been set choreographically, is sheer talent. Everything in our show is put together that way." He went on to say that "our objective in choreography is the male version of tits and ass - blood and guts." I couldn't agree more in describing the sword fight.

The show moves on to a brief introduction of the Bulava members and a joke to relieve the audience of any tension. Once everyone is snuggled back into their seats, they sing a song half in Ukrainian and half in English called "Ride Cossack Ride." The clapping-along beat lends itself easily into the finale number "Kuban," a five-minute dance which is termed by Bulava as "the perfect cabaret dance. The people love it." Instead of just flashy solos, it consists of three dancers, in unison, using the "hard" Avromenko style, with many *physiadky*, walks and claps. It has tempo and mood changes

(see Bulava, pg. 10)

T.O.'s Bulava

(continued from page 9)

and is done on the spot, which allows the audience to focus on and pick up all of the action of each individual performer. Legs and arms are used largely, but simply, with the tambourine beat and the dancers themselves clapping to get the audience applauding along. It is a relatively easy dance for *Bulava* because it's broken up into movement-like sections; just when it appears that they've finished, they go right into the next section with the audience's approval. Thus, the dance really plays off the audience, milking their applause. The diners get totally caught up in the performance making the show more of a memorable experience for them, because if they leave with sore hands and perhaps a horse throat, *Bulava* must have been great. "Kuban" is designed for applause: "not aesthetics, but entertainment," is how Volodymyr put it.

The choreography for the show as a whole is a team effort. It's "piece-music choreography" explained Volodymyr. "We emphasize athletics and tricks — what a non-Ukrainian audience wants to see... We'll throw out something that may be aesthetically pleasing for us (i.e. the dancers) if the audience doesn't like it. We begin big, end big, and kill time in the middle. That's show biz!" Performance can, of course, satisfy many needs, be they social, recreational, aesthetic or entertainment. *Bulava* is obviously oriented toward the latter.

Is *Bulava* therefore, a group of dancers, acrobats or successful entrepreneurs who have understood the secrets of show business? As I interviewed the members of the ensemble it became apparent that each had all three characteristics. Andrij Baczyński was a gymnast and athlete for many years, only to start dancing at eighteen. Because he's received no formal dance training (either in ballet or modern technique classes), his "whatever looks good, whatever gets that (applause) going" hard style is simply an abundance of raw talent. John Holuk started his "church basement" Ukrainian folk dancing at age eight, but only over the past three years has he had formal part-time dance training in ballet and character dance. His "boring" style was acquired over several years as a high jumper (he is a former record-holder in the Ottawa high school system) and it allows him to "fly" in the air at any opportunity. Volodymyr has ten years of basic Ukrainian dancing, and has the greatest amount of formal training in the group: several years of part-time ballet, jazz, modern and character, as well as a year of full-time study at York University. Obviously, this training has given him his fluid, precise style and has made his top-like spinning look extremely effortless, a trait that most character dancers don't possess. Ihor Baczyński is the natural comedian for *Bulava*, inspiring the audience's chuckles and "stomach-crampers", which compose "half the show, my dear!" His performance in "Tea for Two" is hard to recall without ticklish smile. After talking with *Bulava* I realized that a successful performer doesn't necessarily acquire technique in dance first and style and presence later (as is commonly believed in most dance circles), but that a performer can be absolutely breath-taking and entertaining by taking advantage of all his resources — no matter how minimal they may be — to create a magical energy on-stage that audiences help being magnetized by. As Volodymyr summarized: "We're all late-starters, but we know show business."

I asked Volodymyr how Ukrainians have reacted to two years of *Bulava*: "Our show stresses the entertainment value of performing. If a non-Ukrainian audience loves our show, then everyone should love it. However, Ukrainians love us because we're successful and only because we're successful. When we first started, there was a lot of scepticism about us... Ukrainians can't believe that we've got paid for this. To them it's worth a pound of kobassa and a bottle of whisky. But once they see us, and understand what we're trying to do and who we're catering to, they love us. For example, when "Those Were the Days" was first introduced, there was much hostility because Ukrainians still believed that we were part of an organized Ukrainian dance ensemble. We're not. We're entertainers. We do what the people like. Basically, Ukrainians have accepted us because we're the best thing that they've got going. No other group in the free world can compare to what we have here."

When looked upon in this light, the "Kozakrobats" — "a floor show with four spectacular men airing some of the most spectacular dance steps, kicks, leaps and acrobatics you've seen here in a long time" — become more than a group of Ukrainian folk dancers. *Bulava* is a group of talented Ukrainians who have made "art" more accessible to the people by combining it with a thorough knowledge of entertainment and show business. They have become in the process the first Ukrainians in Canada to break through our resistant, "must-be-traditional" barriers to success in the field of Ukrainian dance, performance and entertainment.

¹"At the Clubs", Toronto Calendar Magazine, June 1981.

²All the quotes of *Bulava* were taken the evening of Saturday, 18 October 1981.

³Bob Pennington, "Theatre", Sunday Sun, 14 June 1981.

⁴Sylvia Train, Toronto Sun, Wednesday 13 May 1981.

Danovia Stechishin

Ret Sends Ya

(cont'd from page 8)

weave an intricate melodic thread. Vocals are competently shared by all, with ZOWTONIZKA handling the bulk of the leads; nothing too complicated — just simple, clean harmonic patterns which make for easy audio digestion. Collectively, it rates VESELKA as the best Ukrainian band recording and performing in North America today.

From the point of technical production, VID DUSHI sets a standard which others considering entering the recording studio should seek to emulate: it's crisp, well-balanced, and tight. In fact, the only quibble I have with the entire project is the album cover — a glossy photo of four candles doesn't say much about the band or its music. But don't let the cover dissuade you. VID DUSHI is VESELKA's current potential realized. And this is just the tip of the iceberg. Given the inherent talent in the band, VESELKA is going to get even better. On the RET SENDS YA FOUR STAR RATING SCALE:: VID DUSHI scores ***.

NEXT ISSUE:: After something as enjoyable as VID DUSHI, it's inevitable that the lacklustre side of Montreal should raise its head — the latest from SAMOTSVIT.

Greece

(continued from page 4)

tisans, the steadfastness of their vision of a revolutionary transformation of Greek society, and the fact of the Communist Party's consistent opposition to the Rightist establishment ever since its founding in 1922, are all commingled. By extension, then, it is as if it were logical that a democratic Greek adheres also to the Socialist bloc internationally. When all is said and done, 1917 is the well-spring of the democrat's faith: to be a "communist" is a way — for the longest time the only way — to be in opposition to the Greek Right. It must be kept in mind that when the government of Andreas Papandreou took power in 1981, for the first time in 43 years (except for an unstable interlude 1963-65) liberal forces are ascendant. It will take some time still for the polarization of political dialogue between Rightist and Communist to be broken.

In the meantime, progressive Greeks continue to draw much of their inspiration from the example of the socialist nations. To someone who has been re-educated in the non-Communist left of the West, there people's naive belief in the revolutionary character of Soviet society is quite maddening. It is as though the last 20 years of revelation, re-examination and dissidence in the world communist movement had not taken place: their defence of the Soviet Union reads for all the world like a press release from *Sovetskaya Zhizn'*; in any event, the issue for them does not seem to be the critical evaluation of Soviet Communism. The issue is much simpler: There are two world systems, Imperialism and Socialism. You must choose. Which is to say the choice is between the Americans and the Russians. The choice for left-wing Greeks is clear.

This dovetails rather neatly with another legacy — made explicit in the writings and pronouncements of Papandreou himself — that of the inordinate influence of the Americans on post-War Greek politics. Forming a tight coalition with the leadership of the Armed Forces, the Intelligence Services and the monarchy, the Americans, through their Military Mission and the CIA, virtually directed the political and economic life of the country.

This direction culminated in the odious regime of the colonels' Junta, a regime feared then despised by the mass of Greeks. (A month ago, a documentary film about the Junta played for a week to packed houses here in Naftplion. It had been made in 1980 but was

only released this year when the new government abolished film censorship. The audience responded audibly, agitatedly, emotionally, to the scenes of the colonels and U.S. Army officers smiling together on parade, of the police with their water hoses and batons, of the students at the Polytechnic about to die under tanks, of the colonels justifying themselves in court. The depth of public feeling on this subject has only just begun to be sounded.)

Given that the effect of the military, diplomatic and economic policies of the Junta had been to transform Greece into a military-industrial satellite of the U.S. (it was during this period that NATO was given a free hand in Greek territory) and that their ideological underpinning was a rabid and crude anti-Communism, it is not to be wondered at that Papandreou and PASOK bring with them into government an abiding suspicion of American policy objectives vis-a-vis Greece, (i.e. the Americanization of the eastern Mediterranean) and a refusal to play Cold War games with the Reaganites, even if this means scoring points against Reagan and NATO at the expense of the Polish working class.

Solidarity, then, is an issue but not the issue. Granted that Papandreou acknowledges that the "aspirations of the union are virtually identical with PASOK's vision of *allaghi* (change); granted that the new Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs reassured Solidarity's western European representative on a visit to Athens that the "Greek government is sympathetic with Solidarity." But there is, apparently, a higher Good: That of a foreign policy independent of the two superpowers ("Greece will not participate in any campaign led by the U.S.", the Undersecretary concluded) and that of the pursuit, not of Cold War, but of Peace and Detente.

Put in those terms, one can hardly disagree. But one still wishes for a Greek socialist movement that would see that Solidarity is Moscow's Greece.

During the oppressive years of the Junta in Greece, Papandreou was mostly in Canada, teaching economics at York, where he organized the Pan-Hellenic Liberation Movement (PAK). Under the stewardship of his father, George, a charismatic figure and one of the last classic liberals in contemporary Greece, Andreas has been associated most of his life with the struggle to free Greece from reaction and under-development.

It is understood here that the Junta was in the interests of the Americans even if they did not play a direct hand.

the struggle continues

(continued from page 1)

success and oblivion: it can either become more efficient, more professional and more attractive to new recruits, or it can fold due to lack of money and commitment. Readers, however, can play an important role in ensuring *Student*'s survival by assisting the paper in a variety of ways, and therefore need not feel helpless in the difficult process of revitalization.

As an injection of funds is desperately needed if *Student* is to continue publishing in the summer months, readers are urged to make an immediate contribution towards the press fund. Donations, however, will only be of short-term assistance and thus potential advertisers are also encouraged to come forward with single or reduced-rate series ads. Although the paper has been running the slick advertisements it receives through a service of the Canadian University Press, the revenues from this source are not enough to cover the cost of printing each issue. Rates are more reasonable than the large corporate ads would suggest, and are available upon request with *Student*'s finance committee.

Of course, it is also possible to participate in *Student* by sending in articles and column items to content committee chairperson Jars Balan. Though submissions from students naturally get special consideration, students of life and the Ukrainian community may also submit material that might be of interest to *Student* readers. Articles should be typed or very neatly written with double spaces between lines and ample margins for convenience editing. For submissions to appear in the earliest possible issue, they must be in by the seventh of the month to allow sufficient time for consideration and preparation for publication.

Finally, Edmonton-area students and young people are

Report

(cont'd from pg. 7)

people in attendance, ordinary working people (at least in principle) from Ottawa, were unable to transcend time and space with the same adeptness as members of Samotsvit and their crew. In all fairness though, it must be said that the band performed admirably, encouraging even obviously reluctant dancers to take to the floor, and help whet appetites for the buffet of excellent *holubtsi*, and quite good *perohy* (as reports have it) which followed.

There was to be no Friday night in Ottawa — at least with respect to the continuation of the conference. But some people just can't get anything right. The civil service staggered hours idea finally caught on among the Toronto contingent, and those who did not have last minute flights to catch to Florida decided to stay the extra night. Ottawans are still reeling over this: how Torontonians give the staggered hours idea its own particular bent, staying late rather than leaving early. Quite, simply, it's mind boggling for us who put it in the context of a normal working day.

For those who managed to attend it, Friday night at Mike Bocuriuk's apparently took on some rather unvirtuous qualities, which must be left undiscussed in a journal which purportedly does not engage in sensationalism (see instead the forthcoming issue of *Chukiy*).

In summary, a few concluding remarks. These may be of help to future conference planners. SUSK business should either follow the Ted Marunchak prescription, or should take place on the telephone using Ma Bell's conference call technique. Appropriate travel subsidies could be redistributed for this purpose.

If the latter suggestion is accepted, conferences could still be held for students in order to visit nightspots in various cities or to write radio plays. In fact, this latter suggestion should not be taken lightly. The response to the SUSK-created *Rizvdo* programme in Ottawa was encouraging and included a favourable write-up in a parish bulletin and congratulatory phone calls to the radio station. Whatever the reason, we figure SUSK and the *Rizvdo* concept can't lose. It is precisely this type of optimistic, convoluted logic which governs our behaviour here in Ottawa. We welcome the provinces to hop aboard.

also strongly encouraged to get involved with the paper by contacting a collective member or showing an active interest in working on *Student*. New recruits are absolutely essential if the paper is to continue publishing in Edmonton, and a move at this time seems evermore unlikely and problematic. The increasing size and sophistication of the *Student* operation has raised doubts in the minds of many of the people who work on it as to the feasibility of it migrating to another part of the country. But these and other issues will have to be fully discussed at the annual meeting, which will be held in conjunction with the SUSK Congress in Winnipeg at the end of August. Any groups interested in taking on the responsibility of publishing *Student* in the upcoming year should begin preparing their bids now and make their intentions known at the earliest possible date. Otherwise, *Student*-nicks should come to the annual meeting with their ideas, advise, compliments and complaints, so that they can help shape the future direction of Canada's only newspaper for Ukrainian students.

Khronika

(continued from page 3)

Friday: A theatrical presentation entitled "Behind the Seen" illustrated the on-going search for a Ukrainian identity; it featured Joan Karasevich and members of Toronto's Ukrainian Festival Dance Company (UFDC). The concert was attended by over 200 people, and future plans include repeat performances.

Saturday: For the second time now, the club hosted a zavava featuring Chicago's up-and-coming Ukrainian band PROMIN. Over 500 people attended

... This year's Ukrainian Week focused on the theme of "contemporary Ukrainians" ... it reflected the lifestyles of Ukrainians in Canada and in contemporary Ukraine. All events were very well attended — probably due to the high calibre of the activities and because of the mass advertising campaign launched by the club (posters were printed and over 10,000 pamphlets distributed).

Other on-going activities during the week included: a daily Ukrainian lunch on campus (eight pyrohy for \$1) which sold-out within 15 minutes; Leon Kossar, President of the Canadian Folk Arts Council presented a lecture on the folk arts in Canada; and Chrystyna Isajiw,

World Congress of Free Ukrainians representative at the Madrid Review Conference, spoke on human rights.

March

Professor George Shevelov, of Columbia University will present a lecture entitled "The Russification of the Ukrainian Language."

April

The year's activities conclude with elections, to be held on Thursday, April 8.

The U of T club is also considering organizing a "sports day" for newly arrived Ukrainian refugees from Poland. This event would be undertaken by the new executive — approximately 100 Ukrainian refugees in Toronto are students.

U of T USC president Dan Bilak voiced dissatisfaction with "Waiting for Student," and with Ukrainian Week posters issued by the SUSK National Executive. Bilak also regrets not being able to attend the SUSK Western Conference ... the club received the conference information just recently; this, along with financial restraints, prevented the club from sending a delegate.

Ukrainian issues

(continued from pg. 7)

I am still waiting for the elite media to make some kind of linkage between the events in Poland and Ukraine. The problem, however, is that most correspondents work only out of Moscow because that's where "everything happens." The only exception which I've seen so far was a report from "Donetsk, U.S.S.R." carried on a U.S. television network. (At least the reporter didn't say "Southern Russia"). It still remains for some enterprising journalist to travel into Ukraine and to make that link.

From a less critical perspective one might argue that it's good that at least something about the "Ukrainian cause" makes it into the news media. Yes, but it could be better if the organized Ukrainian community became more skilled at "news management." News management is a technique of making sure that knowledge about an event or an issue will reach the consumer smoothly. It means knowing how to properly set up news conferences, writing press releases, making contacts and most important of all, selling a story idea. If we truly believe the issues are important enough to be placed on a public agenda, then we cannot rely on the information market to do it for us. We must learn how to compete on that market.

The Palestinian community is beginning to realize the same thing. Two years ago I attended a Palestinian Rights conference at the University of Ottawa. One speaker noted that ever since the oil crisis, all Arabs, including Palestinians, have had a "bad guy" image portrayed by the news media especially television. A big part of the problem, according to some journalists who were also present, was that the Palestinian community did not know how to deal with the media or tended to be timid.

Political commentator and media consultant Marie Choquet also spoke on Canadian television's dependence on syndicated American news reports. She noted that the American networks are located in areas of large Jewish concentrations such as New York. Some of their top news editors and producers are also Jewish, and this naturally can have a bearing on the coverage of Israeli-Arab conflicts. Thus, one of the difficulties in penetrating the information market is its hierarchical structure and the attitudes of people near the top of that hierarchy.

The domination of information markets by large centralized media

operations is an additional problem. A concern of all working journalists following the functionalist credo is that the news must give an accurate picture of reality if it is to serve the public interest. During the Kent Commission hearings many veteran journalists expressed fears that the quality of reporting was declining because of lessened competition in the marketplace.

Would it be easier for Ukrainian issues to be publicized if the news media was indeed more public interest oriented? I believe it would, but the probable impact on public opinion would be minimal. There are many issues with social value competing for attention, and both the journalist and the consumer must become selective.

Given that an information market exists, given that it may be unfairly structured and difficult to penetrate, it still remains the single most important source of news in the West. By design or by accident, the information market helps shape the public agenda from which governments take their cues. We cannot ignore it.

I'm not suggesting we don't try to change it or improve upon it; but in the meantime the Ukrainian community must learn how to use the information market. Environmentalists, churches, public interest groups have already begun. Saul Alinsky advocated it more than twenty years ago. Having more journalists who are of Ukrainian descent may help but it is not enough in itself. Once in the business, they too must operate by its rules.

Call it public relations, call it news management. As a working journalist I deal with these people everyday, and most are pretty slick. They are actively trying to get the best side of their constituency portrayed in the media. My job as a responsible journalist is to separate the truth from the bullshit and still have a story. But most important, at least from the point of view of the news organization, is that I have a story.

I believe that a first rate professional public relations organization should be established in the Ukrainian community. Its initial task would be to counter the ethnocentric image of Ukrainians, and then to find or create markets for stories on Ukrainian themes. Ultimately, it may even stimulate reforms within the Ukrainian community if the created image is to accurately reflect our contemporary reality.

It takes more than theory to start a practice.

YOU CAN BENEFIT FROM OUR FULL RANGE OF FINANCIAL SERVICES.



HERITAGE TRUST

10126 - 101 ST., EDMONTON
TELEPHONE 429-6656
#192 KINGSWAY GARDEN MALL, EDMONTON
TELEPHONE 474-8471
319 - 8th AVENUE, S.W. CALGARY
TELEPHONE 265-4415

37 років успішної фінансової служби Української громади

УКРАЇНСЬКА КРЕДИТОВА СПІЛКА В ТОРОНТО UKRAINIAN(TORONTO) CREDIT UNION LTD.



ВІДДІЛ:

3635 Cawthra Rd.
(біля Укр. Кат. Церкви)
272-0468

ЦЕНТРАЛЯ:

295 College St.
Toronto, Ont.,
M5T 1S2
922-1402
922-2797

ВІДДІЛ

2397 Bloor St. W.,
Toronto, Ont.,
762-6961

Корисні умови для вкладів і позичок
Наше завдання помагати членам в економічних справах
порядами і фінансово

НАША СПРАВА — СЛУЖИТИ ЧЛЕНАМ



UKRAINIAN (EDMONTON) CREDIT UNION LIMITED

УКРАЇНСЬКА КРЕДИТОВА СПІЛКА В ЕДМОНТОНІ



10850 - 97 Street Edmonton, Alberta T5H 2M5 Phone (403) 429-1431.

Savings (Life insured to \$2000)

Loans (Life Insured to \$10,000)

Chequing Service No Charge

OFFICE HOURS

MONDAY — Closed

TUESDAY — 10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY — 10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.

THURSDAY — 10:00 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.

FRIDAY — 10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.

SATURDAY — 10:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.

Registered Retirement Savings Plan

Travellers' Cheques

Guaranteed Term Certificates

Return Requested

#435, 10766 - 97 St.
Edmonton, Alberta
Canada T5J 2P2



Identifications: *Ethnicity and the Writer in Canada*

edited by Jars Balan

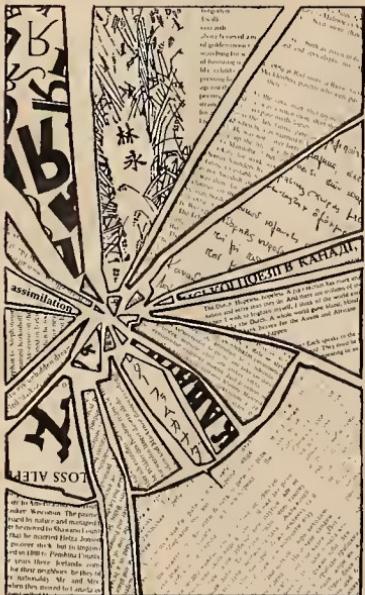
In September 1979 a group of writers and critics met at the University of Alberta to discuss the ethnic contribution to Canadian literature.

Identifications: Ethnicity and the Writer in Canada documents the proceedings of that conference, providing valuable information about and provocative glimpses into an hitherto unexplored dimension of Canadian writing.

Essential reading for every student of Canadian literature, the book contains papers on fiction and poetry in Icelandic, Yiddish, Hungarian, Ukrainian and other minority languages, and features the keynote address delivered by Henry Kreisel on "The 'Ethnic' Writer in Canada."

158 pages, \$7.95 softcover

Distributed by:
University of Toronto Press
5201 Dufferin St.
Downsview, Ontario
M3M 5T8



With transcripts of panel discussions involving:

Pier Giorgio di Cicco, Maara Haas, Myrna Kostash, Maria Campbell, Rudy Wiebe, Yar Slavutych and Andrew Suknaski.

